



Australian

PENTHOUSE

THE AUSTRALIAN MEN'S MAGAZINE

SEPTEMBER 1993 \$10.95

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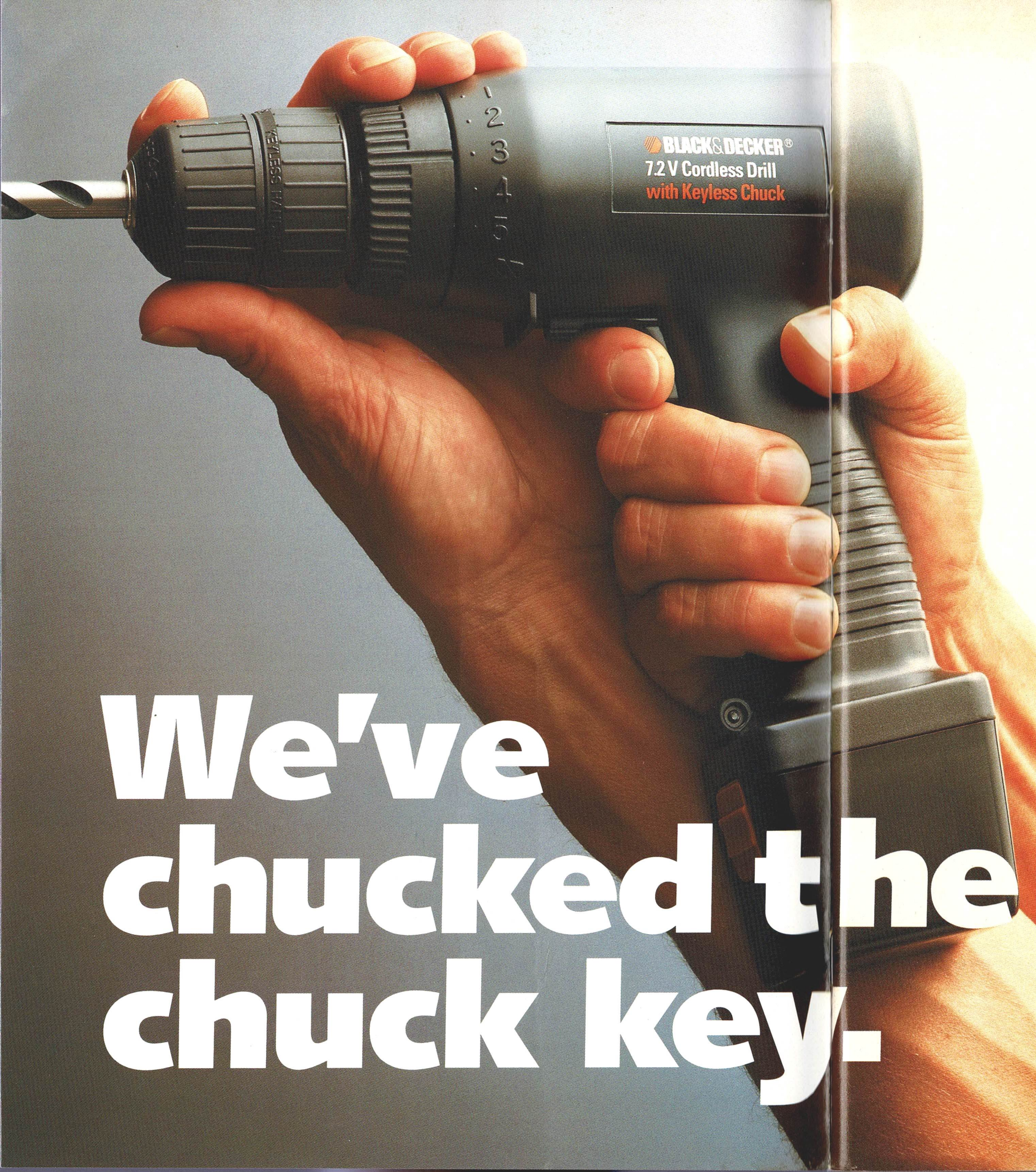
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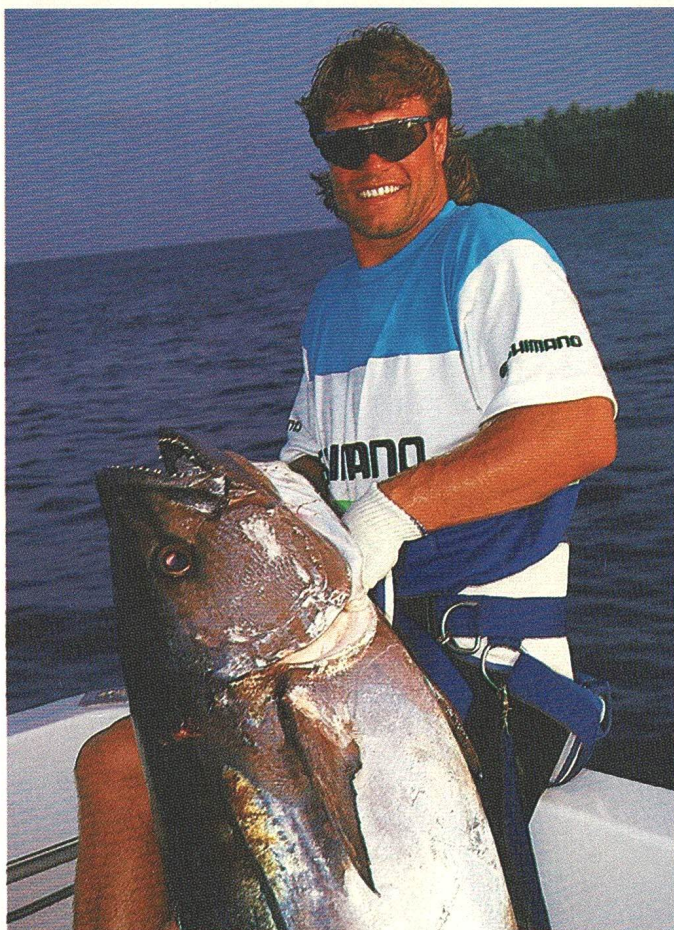
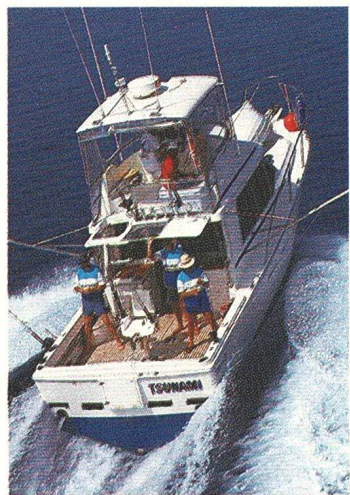
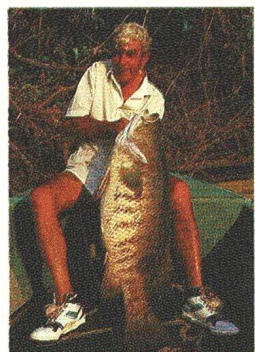
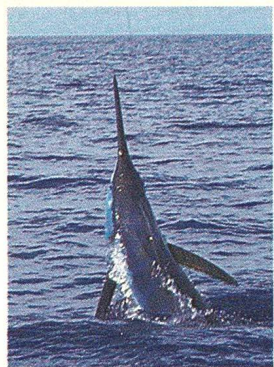
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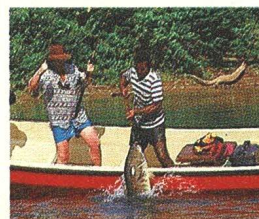
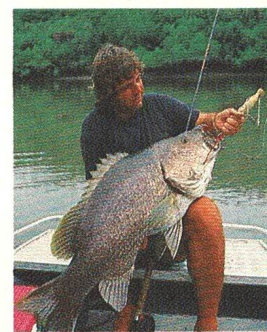
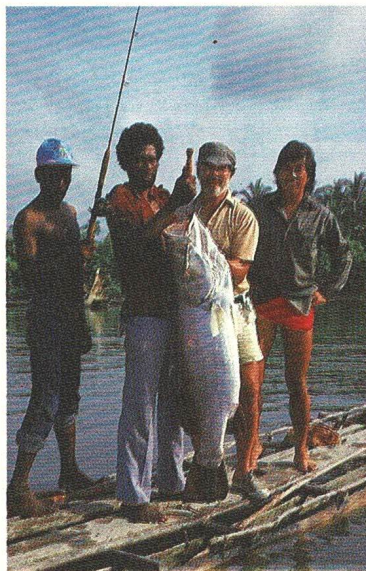
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Australian PENTHOUSE

The International Men's Magazine/Vol 14 No 9/September 1993 Black Label Edition



Cover by Bruce Coulter

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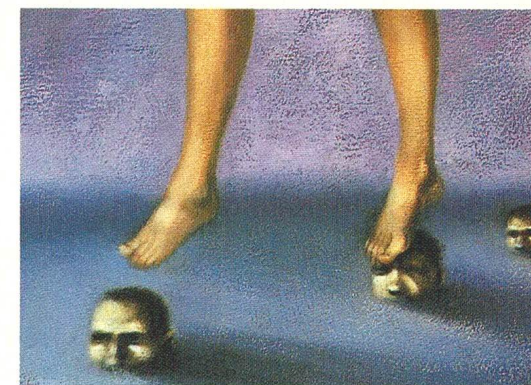
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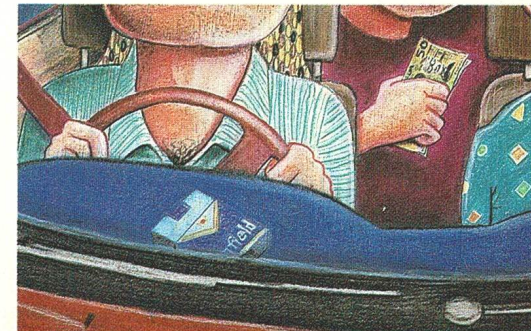
Sexual harassment



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SEXUAL HARASSMENT

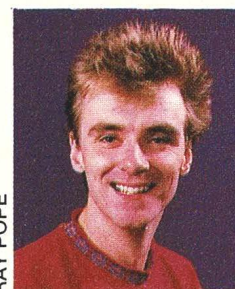
For more than a decade, the workplaces of Australia have been awash in publicity material about sexual harassment. The thrust of the posters, pamphlets and staff workshops has been women as victims and men as the enemy. With the attention given to the sexual harassment complaints of two Sydney male librarians, men are now asking what their rights are under sexual harassment legislation. On page 34, Senior Editor **Mark Abernethy** looks at the sexual harassment laws and asks: do men get a fair go? Illustration by **Cameron Singleton**.



MARK ABERNETHY

RIDING HIGH

Our 1993 *Australian Penthouse* Fiction Award drew more than 200 entries. On page 82 we publish the winning story from Brisbane's **Ray Pope**. The 27-year-old was convalescing from two knee-reconstruction operations, and having spent eight weeks away from work, decided to try his hand at writing after seeing our advertisement in the January issue. The result is the tale of a man's strange drunken journey through a Queensland night in search of a woman. See Pope's story and the illustration by **Simon Bosch** on page 82.



RAY POPE

NOWHERE TO RUN

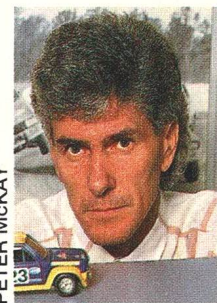
Darren Clark, the 400 metres runner who placed fourth at the Los Angeles and Seoul Olympics, is making a comeback timed to peak at the Atlanta Olympics. On page 48, award-winning Sydney journalist **Richard Sleeman** talks to Clark about glory days at the Auckland Commonwealth Games, an unsuccessful run with the Balmain Tigers Winfield Cup team and the performance-enhancing drugs he was offered from an official Australian Institute of Sport in Canberra. Sleeman is a former newspaper sports columnist and has covered every Commonwealth and Olympic Games since the Christchurch Games of 1974. His last story was on Kieren Perkins.



RICHARD SLEEMAN

FROM HERE TO INFINITI

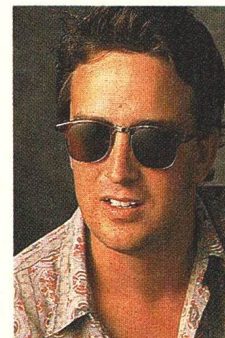
When Toyota joined the luxury market previously reserved for BMW, Mercedes and Jaguar, there was another Japanese car maker notable for its absence from the new luxury market; Nissan. On page 18, Motoring Editor **Peter McKay** takes a trip to the United States to test drive the Infiniti — the car Nissan built to compete with the Lexus but previously made unavailable in Australia. McKay has been writing about cars and motorsport for 15 years, most prominently for *Wheels*, *The Sydney Morning Herald* and this magazine. He recently finished sixth in the Bathurst 12-Hour race in a Toyota MR2.



PETER MCKAY

BREAKING THE ICE

Many Australians have enough trouble completing a lap of an ice skating rink without landing on their butts. But an increasing number of Aussies are taking to the ice in a sport where a hard piece of vulcanised rubber can fly through the air at 160km/h and large brutes travelling at speed try to squash each other into a plexiglass wall. On page 16, Senior Editor **Todd Cole** goes to an ice hockey game between the Australian team and the Canadian expatriots and discovers a strange world that is catching the imagination of Australian sportspeople. Cole is a regular writer for the *Adventure/Sport* column, having covered aerobics, kayaking, gliding and a bush survival course.

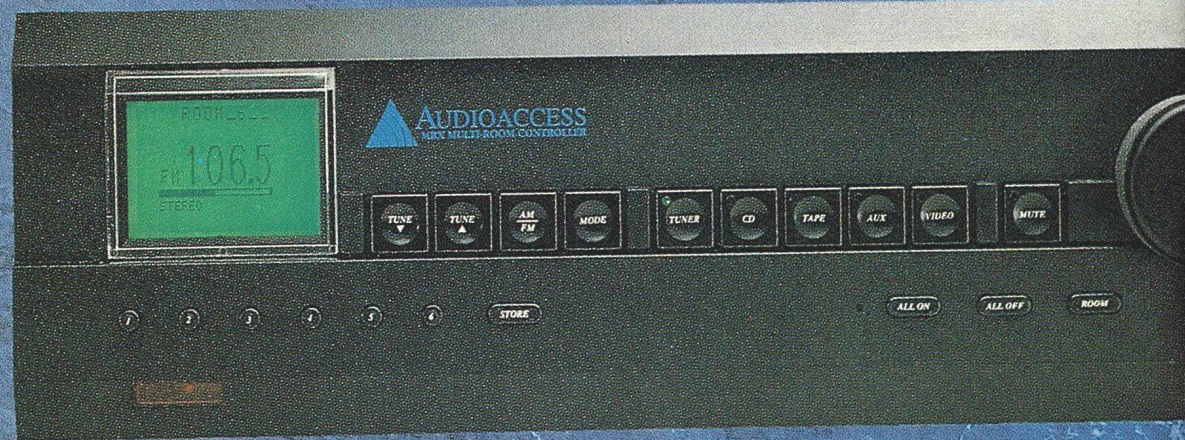


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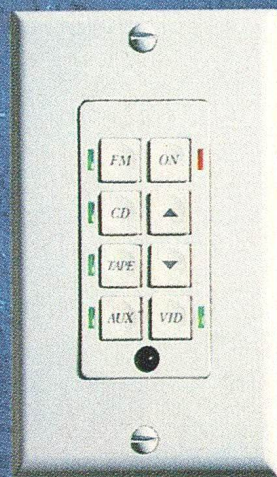


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feedback

Hung jury

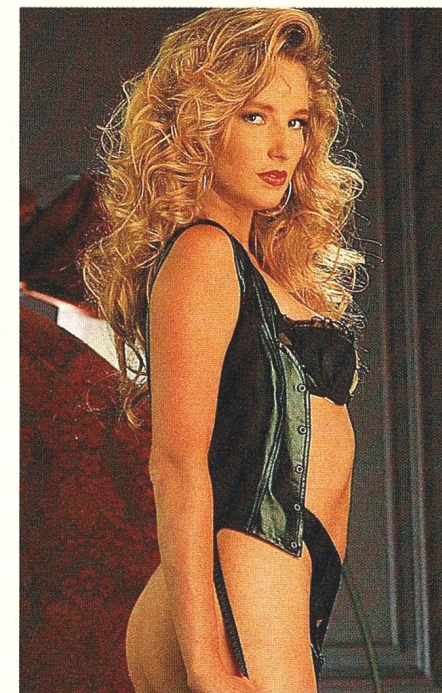
Good article by Paul B. Kidd, "Death Warrant" (May 93), questioning capital punishment. I found it thought-provoking, with both sides of the argument covered, and timely, with the ABC special regarding the controversial hanging of Ronald Ryan.

I am sure that the majority of people who believe in capital punishment would agree that it would only be appropriate for a limited number of cases, where the crime was brutal and the guilt beyond doubt.

By the way Paul, you referred a few times to people being "hung." I believe you'll find that although coats are hung (and that some people may be "well-hung"), that with respect to capital punishment, people are "hanged." — *Bruce Christopher, Hunters Hill, NSW*

Good for the goose

In June *Penthouse* you have published a letter from Sharleen Burns. She has a go at Martin Kyle's anti-feminism article called "It Used To Be Called Nagging" that appeared in March 1993. Sharleen's attitude is typical of the hypocritical way New Women see men. Sharleen says, "That's what feminism is all about, an equal go for both sexes." Well, excuse me if I missed something Sharleen, but I thought that's what Kyle's article was all about — giving blokes an equal go. Being from a woman's perspective, it probably escaped your attention that for the last 20 years men have been putting up with male-bashing literature and journalism of, occasionally, the most offensive nature. Very few male writers have had the guts to put an aggressive men's point of view forward. Martin Kyle had the guts to write what a lot of men think, and *Penthouse* had the nerve to publish it. That's equality; when both sides in this stupid gender war respect each others' opinions and perspectives rather than making superficial gestures like splitting up the domestic chores. If my workplace was any indication, Martin Kyle hit a sympathetic nerve in all Australian men. Away from the angry eyes and ears of our women folk, we laughed and nodded and said "too right" to every second sentence of Kyle's piece ... and if you can understand why, Sharleen, then your goal of equality will be that much closer. — *SJ Meinz, Melbourne, Victoria*



Kelly Horrocks — Gorgeous and saucy

Small complaint

I have come to the conclusion after using my magnifying glass on the May edition that what is between Miss Carrie Woode's legs is not a pussy, but a pimple. It looks like something only a leprechaun would be at home with. That is the poorest excuse for womanhood I have ever seen. — *R. Poacher, Thorneside, Qld*

In raptures

When I saw the newsstand version of April *Penthouse* I was enraptured by the pictorial of that young and saucy (did I mention gorgeous?) Kelly Horrocks. You can imagine my dismay when a day or two later, my Black Label edition arrived and horror, there was not a picture of her to be seen. Any further pictures of her would make a dedicated reader very grateful. Congratulations on a great magazine. — *Craig, Townsville, Qld*

Praise

Like most red-blooded males, I really enjoy dreaming about the gorgeous girls that appear in *Penthouse*, eg Shelley Rowson, Kelly Horrocks and Tracy Mitchell. These ladies have really fantastic bodies which are shown off by the first-class photography. I also enjoy the Forum section which turns me on, as well as the great articles. In short, it is the

best men's magazine. Keep up the good work. — *Mr. Gregory, Woodbridge, Qld*

Manz best friend

I have been buying *Australian Penthouse* for over three years now, and every now and then comes a pictorial that simply takes the cake and all. In the June issue the pictorial titled "Manz best friend" of Kelly Manz was one such pictorial. Kelly is absolutely astounding and not only does she take the cake and all, but my heart as well. Keep it up. — *Name and address withheld*

Paternity Wars

Once again, Mark Abernethy has written a wonderful and compelling article. I refer to "Paternity Wars" in the April edition. While I had a relatively easy time of it during my separation, with being given unlimited access and at no time being denied seeing my children, I sympathise very strongly with fathers who have no say in when they can see their children and then have no comeback if they try to have their access rights enforced.

These archaic laws, the most discriminatory of any in the nation, need to be changed quickly, and sensibly, before any more fathers take the law into their own hands and tragedy follows. While by no means condoning certain actions taken by aggrieved fathers, and occasionally mothers, it is easy to understand the bitterness, frustration and anger that sometimes takes over when your children's welfare is at stake. Only when both parties are given a fair and equal say in what becomes of their children will justice prevail. But judging by the attitudes of hard-line feminist groups and the unwillingness of subservient Governmental bodies, who kowtow and pander to the womens' movement, it will be a long time before equal rights are enjoyed by mothers and fathers alike when it comes to the welfare of children. — *Peter Frumberger, HMAS Harman, Canberra, ACT*

Mystery yarn

The *Patanela* story was a ripping yarn that was entertaining, informative and a plain good read. The conspiracy theories abound. I just don't know how we never heard about the whole thing earlier. *Penthouse* is, as usual, at the forefront of contemporary journalism. — *Eric Lyman, Sydney, NSW*

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King and country

I thought I'd write and tell you about something that happened to myself and a friend in Somalia.

It happened about one week into the trip, when Terry and I were left to man the radio and look after the platoon's equipment while they went off to do a building search. Terry and I were sitting in the shade of a verandah outside the main building of an aid agency compound, both with our shirts off because of the intense midday heat.

I was taking full advantage of the quiet time to catch up on a bit of letter writing, while Terry was casually thumbing through a copy of *Penthouse*. While we both had our heads down, engrossed in our own thoughts, neither of us noticed the young Somali housemaid come up behind us to tidy up the verandah. She must have noticed that Terry was reading because she came straight up behind him, leaned over and started admiring the pictures that are seriously frowned upon in Muslim countries such as Somalia.

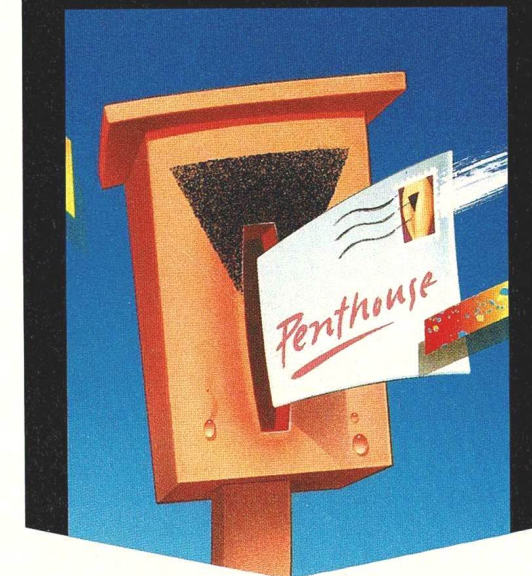
Ishta was absolutely gorgeous. She was very petite and black as the ace of spades. Her hair was jet black and in braids, as was the local custom, and her eyes were like deep pools of cool water that I felt I could just fall into. Her smile, with snow-white teeth, could have softened the hardest heart. All in all, she was the picture of natural beauty. I could tell Terry was admiring her too. It must have been her small, firm breasts rubbing against his lean, well-defined soldier's body that caused his large Papuan New Guinea cock to pitch a tent.

Ishta too must have noticed this rather large bulge in his pants, as she flashed a wicked grin to each of us.

Terry didn't take much more encouragement, he reached over and started caressing her inner-thigh all the way up to her hot black box.

Ishta reached down and quickly unbuttoned Terry's fatigues, releasing his pulsating eight-inch weapon. She started stroking Terry's banana boat with her small but eager hands.

I, by this stage, also had a raging rajah and was thinking I should get in on



forum

the act. Terry being the thoughtful bloke he is, saw my predicament and gently bent Ishtah over the corner of the table. I soon saw the potential of the position she was in. Quick as a flash, I dropped my strides, exposing my modest six-inch pea shooter.

By the way Ishtah's eyes lit up, I don't think she'd seen a white, circumcised cock before. She motioned for me to bring the beast up to her wet mouth. I shuddered as she licked its head with her pretty pink tongue while stroking my shaft with her tiny dark hands. Pink, black, white...pink, black white, faster and faster her hand and mouth went.

Meanwhile, Terry had unwrapped Ishtah's sarong revealing a stunning firm arse. Terry parted Ishtah's cunt lips, knelt down and started to lick and finger Ishtah's tight pink pussy from behind.

Ishta let out a muffled moan and took the full length of my cock into her mouth. I was in heaven. Terry was rubbing his face over Ishtah's cunt, nose-fucking her and I noticed he had stuck his little finger up her arse. I'd started to feel that tidal wave of orgasm rolling up on me when I saw a big redhead Irish nurse standing in the doorway nodding her head in admonishment.

She smiled at me and flicked her finger from side to side metronomically. I couldn't care less, I was on the verge of a flood.

"Come here," I demanded. After a few

seconds she complied. As Ishtah descended to new depths on my cock, I unbuttoned the nurse's dress to reveal a large but firm lily white set of boobs. I took my moist, hard cock out of Ishtah's mouth, sat the Irish girl (who I called Big Red) up on the table, sat down on the chair and started sucking her steaming cunt.

Terry stood up to see what was going on and a smile crossed his face. He looked down at Ishtah and slowly pushed his large cock into her love canal. Another low moan escaped her lips as he started to pump in and out. On seeing this Big Red said, "Com' 'ere and fook me, ya ossie bar-stard." I

was glad to oblige. I stood up and plunged my tongue into her mouth. She grabbed my head and licked every last drop of her cunt-juice off my face.

I spun Big Red around, bent her over the table and pushed my cock home. Ishtah and the Irish lady were cheek by jowl across the table. Big Red took Ishtah by the chin and have her a big passionate kiss as both Terry and I rhythmically bounced against the arses of these beauties. Sweat was pouring off everyone. Red turned her head to me and panted, "'arder, 'arder, ya bar-stard." I could feel her orgasm building as her breathing became more rapid. The increase in pace and the fact I hadn't had a fuck for over a month pushed me closer to orgasm.

Red was in a frenzy by this stage so I stuck my finger up her arse. She erupted into orgasm straight away, screaming, panting and issuing Gaelic obscenities. I felt the first twinge at the base of my dick. I quickly took my prick out of her cunt as the first squirt of my come erupted, emptying a month's supply of hot juice onto Red's back and hair. I collapsed onto Red's sweaty back, heaving and panting like I'd done a forced march with full kit. Red and I watched Terry and Ishta pound away feverishly, both on the brink of orgasm, excited by watching us. I watched as Ishtah tensed up as she came, letting out a shrill cry of delight. Terry increased his pace, hammering

forum

Ishtah between the table and himself. He then pulled out his big cock as he sprayed his enormous wad of juice all over Ishtah's sweat-drenched back, her curly hair and some even hit Big Red's face.

I don't know if we will go there again, but both Terry and I will always remember that day in downtown Baidoa. — *Name and address withheld*

Communication problems

Something wonderful happened to me recently which I've been dying to tell someone, anyone, who does not know me.

A couple of months ago, I started work at a small communications firm as a sales rep. It was there where I met one of the most sensual women I've ever known. Her name is Ros. (All names have been changed to protect the impotent.) The very thought of her had my glands pumping.

After a few weeks of lustful glances in her direction, I finally had the opportunity to ask her to lunch without arousing the suspicions of the other staff members (she just happens to be married you see). Anyway, Ros accepted my offer and we went somewhere very public and talked at length about assorted subjects.

Nearing the end of her lunch hour, she mentioned to me that she was due for a day off and wanted to know if I would accompany her to a secluded little place not far from the city and have a picnic lunch. Well, what could I do but accept?

A week and a half went by before we saw each other again and she gave me a time and date to be ready. The time came and off we went. I sort of expected to be enjoying her beauty instead of lunch, so I only brought myself and we grabbed a bottle of wine on the way. We arrived and as I expected, there were few people to be seen.

We found a hut on the high side of the lake overlooking many other huts and barbecue areas, popped the cork and proceeded to talk openly about ourselves while we drank every drop. As Ros finished her glass of wine, I said rather jokingly, "If you want more, you'll have to lick out your glass." As soon as the words had left my mouth, my cock began to throb. Ros looked at me seductively and proceeded to tongue the rim of the glass very slowly. I went absolutely fucking crazy and leant over the table to find myself kissing her passionately. She said she had wanted me since the first day she saw me at the office and I told her my secret desires for her.

She took out my swollen erection and stuffed it greedily into her soft and per-

fect mouth. I went wild, my hands were on her breasts, her stomach, her twat, her arse, her legs, everywhere they could possibly be at once. Ros then spun around and removed her panties to reveal the most beautiful looking oyster I've ever seen. With my eyes bulging, I advanced toward her sex with my tongue doing double-time. She tasted sweeter than victory and smelled so delicious that I could hardly stop myself from swallowing her whole. But there was one other thing that I wanted inside her and she wanted it as well.

I stood up and with my shaft in my hand, in full view of whoever might look our way, I fed my long-fellow into her hot, wet, tender vagina and fucked her gracefully until she came. Soon after, it started to rain. We took off what clothes were remaining and stood out in the rain, holding each other tightly. — *Name and address withheld*

Settle the score

Several years ago, my husband's job called for him to be away from home for several days at a time, two or three times a month. It was never a problem because we made the most of the time when he was at home. I considered our sex life to be good, until one day, I found a swinger's magazine hidden in the back of his desk drawer.

I wasn't able to get that magazine out of my mind all that day. Later that night, I took it out again and went over it more carefully, wondering if my husband had slept with any of the women advertised. I noticed there weren't that many women placing ads, but there were quite a few men, if not most, that were seeking married women for one reason or another. Most claimed to be "well hung", but quite a few gave photographic evidence. I suppose at first I fantasised taking on one of these men to "get even" with my husband, but the more I went over those ads, the more I was turned on by the idea of simply getting fucked deep and hard by a complete stranger. The next thing I knew I was feeling myself up while I gazed at each picture of a hard cock, wondering what it would feel like in me.

I wrote to several of these men, describing the things I wanted them to do to me. The wilder my letters, the more it turned me on, even though I had no intention of mailing them.

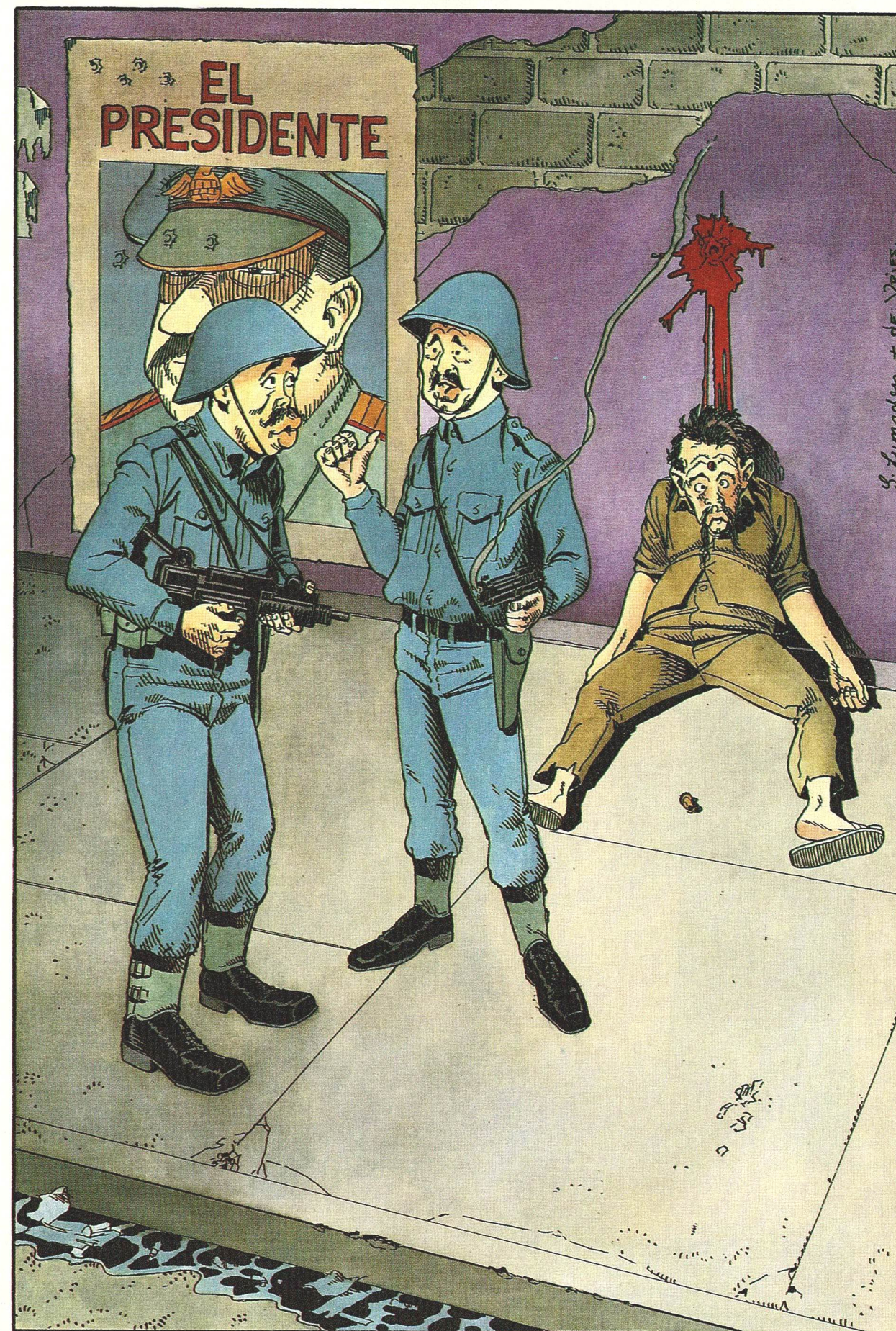
A few nights later, I set up my husband's camera on a tripod and took pictures of myself. I bought a suspender belt and stockings and ran off a couple more rolls of film. The results were perfect.

Months past and it reached the point where I looked forward to my husband being away overnight. I would bring myself off time after time while going over



"He invented the cask..."

Continued on page 118



"... Sure there's still fifteen minutes before curfew...
But I know where he lives and he'd have never made it back in time..."

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Excuses, excuses

The Modern Man rounds up the usual victims

The mother bashed the baby because she had Postnatal Depression and the de facto husband bashed his wife because he was unemployed. The driver attacked the cop because she had Premenstrual Tension, the youth raped the nurse because he owned girlie magazines and the husband who shot his pregnant wife was excused because of a strange condition that only occurs when thugs are guilty: Diminished Responsibility.

Yeah, right, of course... and the Modern Man torched a burger bar

Blame is an industry that created its own momentum

and drove to Queensland to shoot rare fauna because he had Very Drunk And Horny Surplus Depression Tension Disorder Syndrome... and the judge gave him court costs and community service because he turned to Jesus.

For Christ's sake. What's happening out there? Is any single adult still responsible? Does guilt get punished in the Nineties or has the last decade of the millennium turned into one huge shrink's couch where fessing up to a few mental problems gets you the doctor's note from hell?

Those of us who have had the balls to stay awake during the last 20 years and not hide when the scary bits come on, have noticed



something; it's nobody's fault.

The rotting meat in the kitchen rubbish that's high enough to make your teeth hurt is none of the flatmates' faults. It must have been someone else. The demonic girlfriend's fingernail attack on the contemporary bloke was not her fault. It was something to do with moon phases, ovulation, rising bitch venom and every other excuse to ever grace a New Age self-help book. The bloke who king-hit some guy in the pub toilets; it wasn't his fault, he just had a few too many and decided to act like a dickhead.

The habit of normal adults taking no responsibility for their actions is compounded by the famous folk who lead by example.

Idi Amin claimed craziness-inducing syphilis, Ronald Reagan had Selective Memory Loss

Syndrome and Vernon Howell invoked the Bible. The vividly guilty Ted Bundy attributed his 23 confessed murders to girlie mags, and Richard Nixon blamed the media for all his problems, either real or perceived.

Blame is now an industry that has created its own momentum. If people of the Western World were suddenly held responsible for their actions, the world as we know it would cease to exist.

Whole university faculties would become redundant overnight, veritable phalanxes of defence lawyers' "experts" would disappear like bilge rats on a sinking ship and sales of psychiatric self-analysis books would drop like a boxer on the take.

If adults were required to atone for their sins, the whole Christian industry would fold like a pair of

Excuses, excuses

fives and liberal psychotherapists would be obsolete.

The feminist movement would look even more foolish than it does already and would be forced to do something it has never had the guts to do: blame women for their own unhappiness rather than a vague conspiracy called "Patriarchy".

Ever since the rantings of pseudo-medico cranks and human-science imposters worked their ways into common wisdom, the Modern Man has been forced to see every second rockspider, thief, bully, thug and flip excused on the basis that, if nothing else, society did this to them; it was not their fault.

Maybe the Modern Man has

missed the point. The victim industry certainly has its fans. You can't look sideways these days without someone wanting to give oratory on the exact and insurmountable nature of their particular condition. If it's not an incredibly rare hormone imbalance that strikes every time an excuse for violence is required, then it's the mysterious oestrogenal headaches that attack as soon as someone needs an excuse not to clean the bathroom.

And you don't have to be spanked by your father or ignored by your mother to develop something as spurious as Attention Deficiency Syndrome, which is why Professor Modern Man also knows this syndrome as I'm Going To Be

An Obnoxious Child Complex.

Even the era one was born into now qualifies as an excuse for everything from being boring to feeling depressed.

If you were born in the years 1961-70 and need a reason to feel like a victim, then a book called *Generation X: Tales For An Accelerated Culture* will do very nicely. It takes a supposedly depressed and confused demographic group and excuses them on the grounds of everything from *The Brady Bunch* and holes in the ozone to Baby Boomers and the American debacle in Vietnam.

Pioneers in this part of the world once called this blame-mania a case of "lollygagging" or "feeling sorry for y'self". Half a century ago the self-piteous were handed an axe and shown the woodpile, and the real loonies were locked up. But in the Nineties, democracy says that people in a general funk are allowed a medical label for their "conditions" and the genuine nutter is allowed to walk the streets as long as he keeps himself as tranked as a circus lion.

With the full-scale search for "conditions" that mitigate our bad behaviour, the quacks have come up with the male version of PMT; the female excuse for everything.

The male one is called High Testosterone Depression Syndrome (HTD) that allegedly causes depression and rage in high-testosterone men. Which is all we need. First it was "lacking control of his own life", then it was "the breakdown of the traditional male role" and then it was "learned behaviour from his own parents". Now the wife-basher has another way of saying he's not responsible for being a bully and a coward. But that will be all from the Modern Man desk. There are bills afoot, enemies at the gate and more mental mischief than Ernie Hemingway on absinth. Life gets crazy when you blame yourself. — Mark Abernethy



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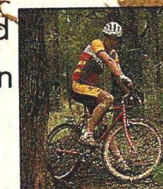
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SHOGUN

John Blackman

The Voice of Hey, Hey It's Saturday

Where were you born and how does it effect who you are today?

Into a working class family in Mount Waverley, Victoria. I constantly remind myself of where I came from and how easily I could finish up back there.

What really pisses you off?

Users, bludgers, insincerity, cheats, wankers, bad drivers and people who don't try or don't listen.

What's your favourite saying?

"We're here for a good time not a long time!"

What was the last book you read?

Word of Honour by Nelson DeMille.

What was the first book you read?

John & Betty.

Who do you admire in your own field?

Graham Kennedy, John Laws and Don Imus (New York radio personality).

What do you use for transport?

A six-year-old 420SEL Blue/Black Mercedes Benz with 135,000 kilometres on the clock.

What musical recording would you give to your worst enemy?

Original soundtrack from *Oklahoma*.

If they made you Emperor tomorrow, what would you change?

Introduce a flat tax of 30 percent

What's your favourite drink?

White wine — preferably Cloudy Bay Sauvignon Blanc.

What makes you proud?

Anything my wife or daughter achieve; birdies!

Who would you least like to sit next to on a long plane journey?

Any politician.

Are there any vices you want to adopt?

Sloth, smoking (I used to smoke 60 a day and still miss them after ten months).

What do you sing in the shower?

Country & Western songs — nothing specific.

Do you have any unfulfilled ambitions?

To be a multi-millionaire by the time I was 30 (missed by 15 years so far), to become a single-figure golfer by the time I'm 47 (12 months to go — currently 21) and to host a fabulously well-paid, successful national game show (all offers considered).

Who would you most like to spend an evening with?

Mia Farrow and Woody Allen.

What movie character would you most like to be?

Dudley Moore's "Arthur".

What is decadence?

Six-hour lunches, six hours of non-stop footy on the tube, driving a \$250,000 car and frozen Mars ice-cream bars.

What is your worst vice?

Procrastination.

What makes you want to throw a stubbie at the TV?

Fitzroy being beaten by the Brisbane Bears, Molly Meldrum, and that dweeby bloke with the glasses on Simon Townsend's TVTV.

How do you relax?

Play golf at least twice a week (and Sonic the Hedgehog every day of the week!).

What makes you embarrassed?

Being over-praised.

When do you lie to people?

When I don't want to hurt them (or them to hurt me).

What's the sexiest thing in a woman?

Her mind.

What sport would you play as a professional if you had the chance?

Golf — of course!

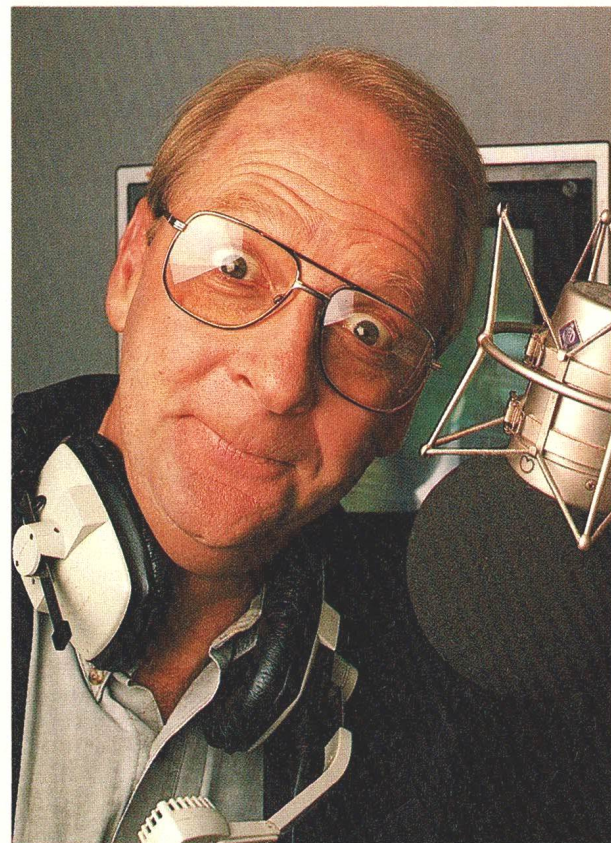


Photo by Paul Glasser

Do you regret anything?

Leaving school at 16 and not getting into showbiz earlier.

Have you any phobias?

Spiders, window-faced envelopes, hostile audiences.

How would you describe yourself?

Friendly, shy, dependable, amusing, ascerbic, demanding, insecure, emotional — quite fucked in the head really.

What are you really slack about?

Keeping in touch with friends and relatives.

What gets you down?

Rejection, people with no ambition or vision for the future.

Where do you want to be ten years from now?

Retired and standing on the first tee of my own country club in the South of France! (Hang on! That should've been the answer for "Decadence"!)

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Ice breakers

The brutal game of ice hockey picks up pace in Australia

Two huge men in Canadian jerseys slammed the Australian jersey into the backboard. The hockey puck remained firmly lodged under the Australian's skate. Attempting to gain possession, both Canadians clawed and pummeled the green-and-gold jersey down onto the ice. Helped by nothing but brute strength, the Aussie escaped his two attackers in possession of the puck. As he struggled to regain semblance, from behind him and travelling at about 40km/h, came the Canadian centre. As the Australian lined his shot, the Canadian hit him full force. With a sound like cracking fiberglass, and looking like a dummy in a car crash test, the Aussie lifted off the ice and flew into the backboard. Behind him the 110kg centre's inertia tried to strain him through the perspex. The crowd sucked in a collective breath. The opposition even stopped to look at the green and gold rag doll.

"Ice hockey's not a violent game," Ryan Switzer, coach of the Australian team, leaned across and said to me. Watching the Australian player stagger to his feet, Ryan decided that his comment needed explanation. "Sure it's got a violent reputation, like Rugby League does in the United States. All we see of Rugby on our version of *Wide World Of Sport* are the fights. I thought a Rugby game was 26 players on a grass paddock and someone throws a ball in then everyone starts punching each other. It's not like that, and neither is ice hockey, even though that's all Australians ever see."

What makes it look violent, besides the all-in fights, is the method of play. In the USA, like Australia, they play "contact" ice hockey, which means you play the man instead of the puck. The other type of play is European, which is the other way around.

Contact hockey's tactics are more pragmatic. "The golden rule



Photo by APL

is to separate the man from the puck," explains Switzer. "And the man is bigger. So you take him out. Simple. Who cares what happens to the puck after I've taken you out?" says Switzer with that grin that people get explaining violence to the uninitiated.

The Australian player regained his feet and skated back into the fray, much to the delight of the crowd who let out a thunderous roar. Despite the severity of hit, he was only winded.

Naturally I had to politely imply that very Australian theory that like all American contact sports, the personal padding makes the game a little, how shall we say, poofy.

The team doctor, Peter Gwozdecky, said: "Even with the padding

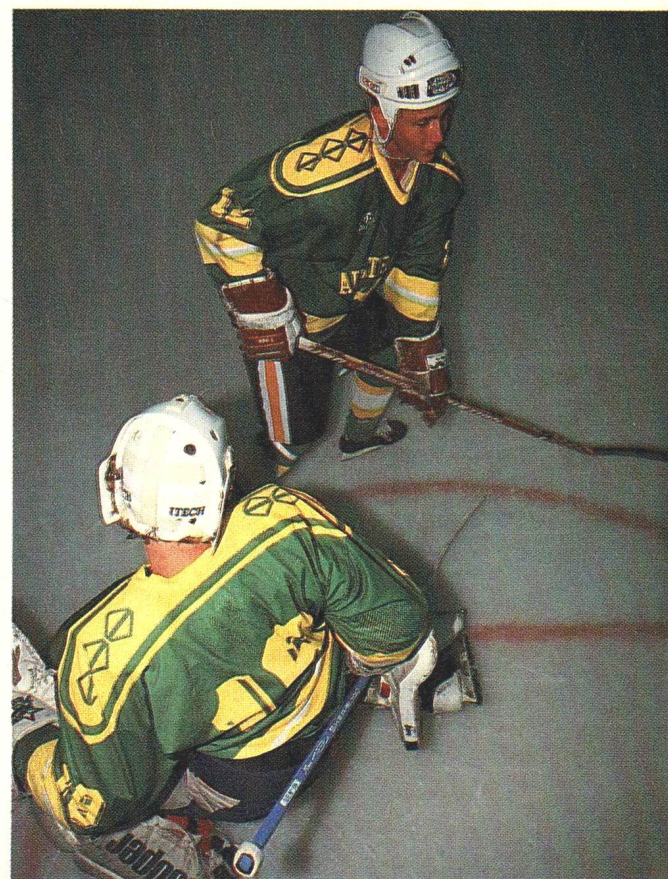


Photo by Laurie Brackley



Photo by APL

Greenland came down here and entered a surf carnival.

"Last World Championships in Britain, Australia came third in the C-pool. When they announced the bronze the crowd cheered so loudly that they drowned out the announcement of the silver and gold medallists, one of which was Britain," Switzer says with pride.

The impact of a player's head against the sideboard could turn his spine into a slinky spring

With a bronze in the C-pool it looked like Australia was set to make the selection for next year's Winter Olympics in Norway. But the breakup of Russia created several new teams all of which included seasoned players. The formulation of the new teams — Latvia, Ukraine, Kazakhstan to mention a few — has sent the IHF into a spin. "With these new teams, no-one really knows who's ranked where," says Switzer.

The full-time hooter goes off and the Australian team has won the demonstration match.

"Some of these 'new' teams have professional players who have been earning over a million dollars a year in the States," continues Switzer. "When we meet them on the ice we won't know whether to hit them or ask for their autographs." Switzer considers for a moment. "No, I think we'll just hit 'em, and hard" he says with a grin. — Todd Cole

we do have some pretty severe injuries. You've got to remember that skaters can travel up to 40km/h and they do have wooden sticks, and that the puck travels at up to 160km/h."

In response to my allegation Switzer flipped his two front teeth out on a plate, like a cash register draw, then pulled them back into his Donny Osmond smile. "Injuries are a part of the game."

One gruesome injury that the IHF has been trying to eradicate is the ice hockey equivalent to the head-high tackle. If a player is leaning over lining up for a shot facing the sideboards, and is hit from behind, the impact of his head against the sideboard could

turn his spine into a slinky spring.

Injuries aside, Australia was beating the Canadians and the crowd was going ballistic. But these guys weren't the real Canadian team. They were the Canadian imports who'd been attracted to play in Australia by the beaches, the girls and the opposing ice hockey season. The real Canadian national team is ranked in the top three in the world and made up of the guys on zillions of bucks. Nonetheless, the crowd loved seeing the Maple Leaf get creamed.

"Overseas, the crowds love Australians," explained Switzer. "No-one can believe that the Australians play ice hockey. Like if

From here to Infiniti

Nissan heads up-market with a big bold saloon

Forget the misspelling, the introduction to Australia of the big and bold Infiniti saloon is seen as the start of a new era for Nissan after a decade of tough times. There was the baggage of the unwanted, but quite justifiable, reputation as an auto discounter of not always brilliant products through the early and mid 1980s. And then came last year's not entirely unexpected but nevertheless crushing decision by its parent company to end losses totalling \$1 billion and quit its local manufacturing plant in Melbourne.

The irony was not lost on many. The reality was through hard work and perseverance, Nissan Australia had at last achieved a commendably high level of quality — the highest in Australia in fact — with its Pulsar, a car that had jointly won the plum 1991 *Wheels* Car of the Year.

But the Japanese masters had lost patience with the Australian operation, doubting whether it could ever regularly turn a profit as a manufacturer.

Henceforth, Nissan Australia would become a pure importer. But an importer with some elitist appeal. Under the stewardship of managing director Leon Daphne, Nissan was heading uptown, into the whiter-than-white collar and silk tie areas, muscling in on the markets of Honda and Mazda. And, more gradually, BMW, Audi and Lexus.

Nissan's weapon for this up-market thrust began with an extended three-year/100,000 kilometre warranty and an unprecedented 24-hours-a-day customer roadside assistance package.

Customer satisfaction, from both the product and service standpoints, is the cornerstone of success in the pragmatic atmosphere of the 1990s and Nissan is certainly working as hard as anyone to indulge owners.

And it's slowly bringing the key

elements of its product line-up together.

It bided its time launching the luxury/performance Infiniti Q45 here; it first hit the showroom in Japan and the United States at the end of 1989 but Nissan Australia had reservations about some aspects of its styling and specification.

It is the Tony Lockett or the Mal Meninga of luxury saloons

Perhaps Americans have been similarly unconvinced for despite a clear performance advantage, the Q45 has never sold up to the astoundingly popular levels of its major rival the Lexus LS400.

Part of this failure may be attributed to the Infiniti's esoteric launch campaign in print and television, a Zen-like wander through meadows with plenty of streams and trees and rocks but nary a sighting of a car.

The Q45 quickly won respect within the industry for its energetic performance and smooth handling. But research showed that American women weren't much interested in its overtly macho looks. And many luxury car shoppers had questioned the absence of that up-market signature, wood veneer, from the cabin. They also wanted softer luxurious leather seats.

Nissan listened and made many improvements — more than 50 in all — in an extensively-revised Q45 launched internationally recently. The facelifted Q45 retains all the hard-edged performance of the original model but massages occupants and enhances suggestions of comfort and elegance with some softer interior luxury features.



The exterior appearance has been improved with the inclusion of a Jaguar-like chrome grille.

This is the car Nissan Australia elected to wait for; wisely perhaps. I'm not sure Australians would have taken to the first version.

Now the driving purists say that Infiniti is pandering to the softies, those who seek friendly designs

and luxury features ahead of performance.

But Nissan Australia will happily wear this suggestion because it is aware that the bulk of people who want an upmarket saloon will place a high priority on comfort and extensive pampering.

The Q45's appearance, even after the extensive re-style, remains a matter of discussion. Slab sides, large chrome scratch plates on the doors and a fussy tail treatment are not for everyone. But others endorse the car's distinctive, masculine design.

The real appeal of the big Q45 is concentrated in its engine/transmission performance and exceptional chassis dynamics.

Its spectacular 4.5-litre all-aluminium 32-valve V8 quad-cam engine, punching out 207kW of power and 396Nm of torque proves an accelerative urge rarely felt in big cruisers.

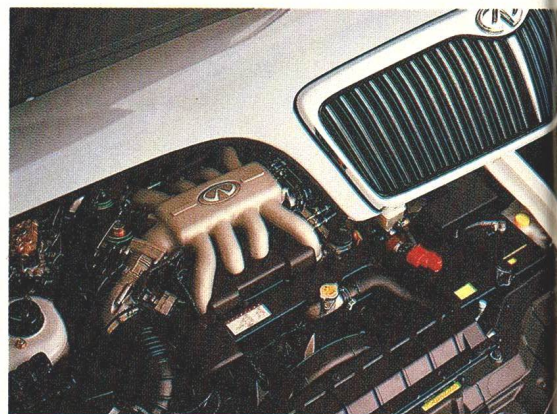
It takes the Q45 from rest to 100km/h in around 7.2 seconds, and on to the standing quarter in 15.5 seconds. Maximum speed, with a driver and three passengers and an electronic rev limiter, is in excess of 240km/h.

The remarkably silky electronically controlled four-speed overdrive automatic transmission has interactive engine/transmission controls for wonderful seamless shifting between gears and a first-gear start mode to get the big car up and running swiftly.

Despite its bulk and weight, the Q45 shows the agility of a smaller sporting car. It is the Tony Lockett or the Mal Meninga of luxury saloons.

In the United States recently I had the pleasure of sampling the world's first Full-Active Suspension, available as an option in that

Continued on page 128



Win!

Australian Penthouse/Black & Decker Competition Your chance to win \$1000 worth of power tools

Any man who can tell the difference between a bolster and a chuck key knows the saying: "It may cost a little more, but if you're going to buy tools then make sure you buy good quality tools."

Well here's your chance to get a swag of good-quality tools and it won't cost you anything.

Black & Decker and *Australian Penthouse* are offering five lucky readers the chance to win a Workmate 400 Workbench and Vice, a Black & Decker variable speed random orbit sander, a Black & Decker 550 watt Marathon hammer drill, a Super Snipper lawn edger, and a Garden Mate GT230 trimmer.

To enter the *Penthouse*/Black & Decker competition just read the following information, dial 00555 0628 and answer the question below.

Black & Decker have been synonymous with quality power tools for 76 years. Their tools have a reputation of reliability and durability. So confident are they in their product, that the Workmate 400 workbench, valued at \$249, comes with a marathon two-year home use warranty.

The 29-inch Workmate is a remarkable piece of hardware. The independent-action vice jaws and swivel pegs allow you to hold round and wedge-shaped objects securely. The Workmate's V-grooves will grip pipe, tubing or other contoured surfaces in both horizontal and vertical positions as you sand them with your variable speed random orbit sander.

The 330 watt BD190E which sells for \$170 is an ergonomically designed sander for easier handling. It effortlessly sands contoured surfaces while the Automatic Brake System (ABS) improves control and handling.

The hammer drill is to the home handyman what the paintbrush is to the artist. And the Black & Decker hammer drill is state of the art hardware. The hammer drill which usually retails for \$189 has switch-in control for brick and masonry, variable speed control, reverse function for screw removal and unjamming drill bits. As a special offer, Black & Decker has thrown in four masonry bits and five HSS drill bits.

Now, on to the garden. The Black & Decker Garden Mate and the Super Snipper remove the toil of keeping a garden in control. The Super Snipper (retail value \$179) is a lawn edger and whipper snipper in one. And the dual action blades of the Garden Mate (off the shop shelves for \$199) are ideal for trimming back unruly foliage. All in all, the Black & Decker power tools are worth nearly \$1000; but, if luck's on your side, they'll cost you nothing.

To win the Black & Decker set of power tools, ring 00555 0628 and answer the following question.

**1. How long is the Workmate 400 workbench?
Inpho-Max. call charge 50 cents.**

Conditions of Entry

Entry to the competition is open to all residents of Australia over the age of 18, other than employees of *Australian Penthouse* and their families. Closing date of entries is the 30th of September, 1993. The winners of the prizes will be announced in a forthcoming edition of *Australian Penthouse* in the Loose Ends Section. Five correct entries will be drawn from all the correct entries received. Those entrants will be the winners. On all questions, disputes and matters arising in relation to the contest, the editor's decision will be final. No correspondence will be entered into and entry into the competition indicates acceptance of all the rules and conditions.

The promoters, Black & Decker and *Australian Penthouse*, shall be under no liability to the winning contestants for any loss (including but not limited to the consequential loss) or damage of property caused or in any way contributed to by any act, omission by the promoters, their servants or agents, or any other persons in any way related to or arising out of the supply or non-supply of any service provided or contemplated by or in pursuance of the *Australian Penthouse*/Black & Decker competition (including negligent acts of omissions).

The competition is brought to you by *Australian Penthouse* magazine, and Black & Decker. Permit no. TC 93/2392



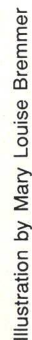
How to make a profit with somebody else's money

What you are getting is leverage. You are buying four times as many shares as you can afford. So, if the shares go up, your profit is four times what it would have been. Oh yes,

Usually, the lender will give you a five-percent leeway. But if the price

All very neat and profitable ... in a rising market. It gets rather horrible when the market turns. So make sure you pick good companies with good prospects if you're going "on the margin". Oh, and don't blame me when you do your shirt. — *David Quicksilver*

fall exceeds five percent, he'll call that five percent and a bit more, probably another five percent. In our example, that'd be \$2000. Could you rustle up two grand in 24 hours?



Why it is called margin trading is that you must always have a positive

OFFER AVAILABLE ONLY TO PERSONS OVER 18 AND TO RESIDENTS OF AUSTRALIA ONLY



FRONT

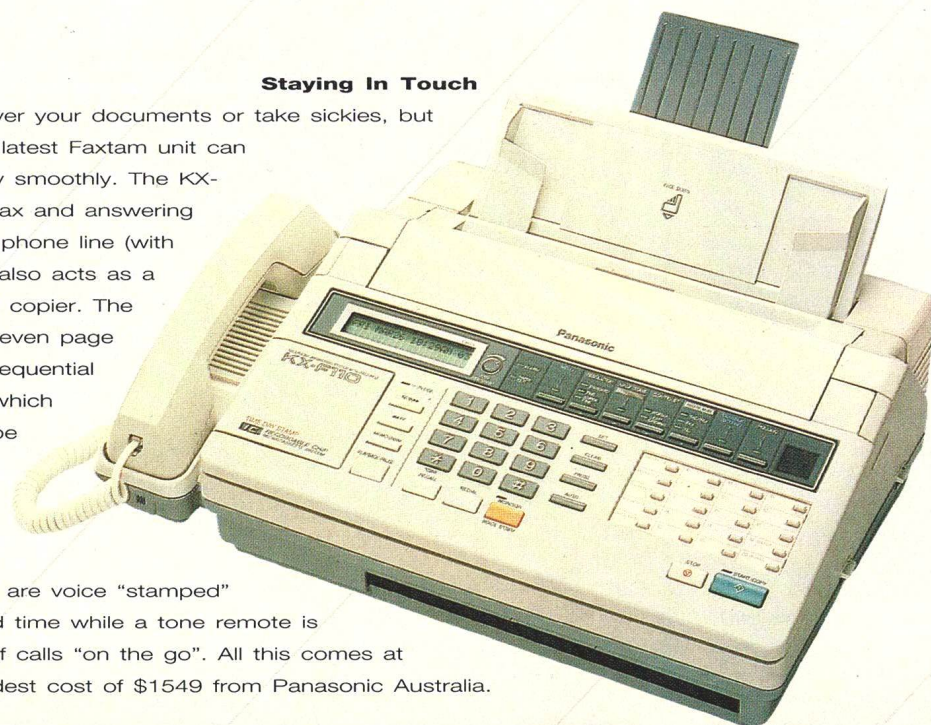


Little Big Shot

While the compact video camcorders are grabbing all the headlines, full-size VHS still offers plenty of advantages especially when packaged in the Hitachi VM3500. A longer recording duration and the convenience of swapping cassettes straight from camera to VCR help make the VM3500 an attractive alternative... so does its 8x zoom (with 64x digital special effect), fully automatic operation and accessory video light. For more creative shooting, the Hitachi offers time lapse and animation facilities, built-in character generator and microphone mixing. At 2.2kg, the VM3500 isn't so much of a handful and it certainly looks the part. From Hitachi Sales Australia.

Staying In Touch

It won't spill coffee over your documents or take sickies, but otherwise Panasonic's latest Faxtam unit can run a home office pretty smoothly. The KX-F110BA combines fax and answering machine on a single phone line (with auto switching) and also acts as a dictating machine and copier. The fax section has a seven page memory and a sequential broadcast facility which permits documents to be automatically sent to a total of 120 destinations. Messages on the answering machine are voice "stamped" with the date and time while a tone remote is provided for retrieval of calls "on the go". All this comes at the fairly modest cost of \$1549 from Panasonic Australia.



Pop Top Video

Video-making in the dark isn't a problem with the Canon E300 8mm camcorder which features an ingenious pop-up video light. When things start becoming murky, a flick of a switch activates the light which automatically switches on and has a two-metre range. The E300 has a powerful 10x zoom with two speeds and macro focusing for close-ups. There's a choice of exposure

modes to suit specific subjects and situations (such as when shooting in the snow) and the camcorder also has a 1/10,000 for freezing (!) action. It's a compact unit which weighs less than a kilogram and is supplied with a remote controller. Expect to pay around \$1500 from Canon Australia.



Six Pack Playback

Musicus Interruptus will be a thing of the past if you purchase Sharp's new CD-C5300E mini hi-fi system. Apart from being compact enough to make it the ideal second system for a bedroom or study, the CD-C5300E incorporates a six-disc CD player for true long play. In addition to straightforward playback, the unit can also be

programmed to automatically select 32 favourite tracks from any of the loaded discs. Thirty watts of power per channel provides plenty of grunt and the system's speakers are designed to give enhanced bass reproduction. The CD-C5300E also incorporates a double cassette deck, graphic equaliser and



Extracting The Digit Affordably

Getting into Philips' new digital compact cassette (DCC) format is now a lot less expensive thanks to the introduction of the DCC600 recording deck. Priced at \$1499, the DCC600 permits digital sound recording on a DCC cassette, but will also play back existing (analog) music cassettes. The Philips machine employs Bitstream signal processing — which is generally acknowledged to deliver greater accuracy of reproduction — and it offers various DCC features including track title displays, autoreverse, motorised tray loading and quick search functions. From Philips Consumer Electronics.



advisor

candid counsel on everything you wanted to know about sex but couldn't find anyone to ask

Shooting blanks

After three children my wife and I have decided to adopt a permanent form of birth control. After some discussion, we agreed that I should have a vasectomy. The only thing that concerns me (and perhaps it is only an old husband's tale) is that I will not "blow". Is this true? How will a vasectomy effect my sexual performance?

Firstly, you will ejaculate, but the vital ingredient for pregnancy, sperm, will be absent from your semen. Erection and ejaculation will be exactly the same and the male hormone testosterone is still produced as before. Because sperm constitutes only about five to ten percent of semen the difference in volume is imperceptible, nor is there any change in odour.

Although vasectomy is a sure method of birth control, you should seriously consider the implications of its permanency. Do you really want to do this? And

although it's a safe and simple operation, is the hassle of a rubber or diaphragm worth going under the knife? Think about it.

It's good for you, really!

Although my boyfriend and I have sex about twice a day, I've never sucked him off to the point where he blows in my mouth. I haven't done this for anyone, ever. The thought of it makes me feel like chucking.

Steve, my boyfriend, wants me to do it and has asked many times, saying that it would be, "an absolute expression of my love for him." I know he's full of shit, so every time I feel his cock tighten in my mouth, I jump on him and let him blow in my cunt.

Steve tells me that swallowing his juice is good for me and I should do it. Is it? And should I do it?



year-old pensioner and have enjoyed your magazine since its inception over a decade ago. I would like to say that the quality has gone up considerably. However I have found that with the magazine's increase in quality, I have had a decrease in sexual performance. In terms of sexual ability, what do I have to look forward to as I approach 60?

Firstly, you're never too old, and it's nothing to worry about. It is proven fact that older men stay hard longer and can fuck almost indefinitely. Ejaculatory inevitability — which causes trouble in youth — vanishes, leaving the older gent in total control of his coming destiny. Furthermore, in one survey men over 35 said that their orgasms were more intense as they got older.

Now for the downside. Older men need more arousal in order to obtain erections. A young kid who became as hard as poly-monic equations with the

flash of a schoolgirl's knickers, will probably grow up to be a senior citizen who needs five to ten minutes intensive stimulation before he becomes stiff. This is because the penis ages and the blood vessels harden. The balls shrink and lose some firmness, and the prostate gland may become large and its contractions (the source of pleasure during orgasm) may weaken. So, like a Senate Inquiry, you take a long time to start up, but once you get going you're almost impossible to stop. It's all part of life so you may as well enjoy it.

Time and time again

I'm one of the many women who do not have regular vaginal orgasms. I do however have a great sex life with my boyfriend because I am able to have intense, amazing clitoral orgasms. When my boyfriend rubs my clit it feels really

good but when he goes down on me it really blows my mind. The problem is that it takes me a long, long time to come and after about 15 minutes or so, he wants to stop because his mouth and jaw are hurting. I'm usually just on the edge of coming when he stops and this leaves me quite frustrated and I have to finish the job by hand.

We all know that the female sexual

bonus of watching you touch yourself.

Pro con

I'm a 26-year-old male who works in the transport industry. My company moves me around a lot and I'm not in a relationship because I'm never really sure where I'll be from month to month. I often go to prostitutes because I know that at least we'll have safe sex and I feel more honest about the whole thing than if I picked

Home alone

I am a 43-year-old male and some three months ago my wife of 23 years left me. Along with most of our treasured possessions, she took our teenage son. Naturally I was distraught and emotionally devastated. Initially my wife was friendly and consoling, explaining her reasons for leaving — which although they were senseless to me, I accepted — and talking to me as a friend, if not a lover. Now, however, her disposition towards me has chilled considerably. She refuses to take my calls and suggests any communication should be directed to her lawyer.

My lawyer informs me that she (in reality I suspect her lawyer) is trying to "screw me for everything". Apparently, he tells me, she can tax my superannuation, effectively taking half. In all fairness, it's my super. I've been planning on using it for my own business for the last nine years (my wife knows this and this is what hurts the most). My lawyer simply shrugs and says, "It's the law." Is there anything I can do... anything?

Get a good lawyer pal. You're going to need it. You've fallen into a trap that is touching a raw nerve among divorcing Australian men. It seems strange that a partner can have personal superannuation included in the property settlement. But yes, it is happening to a growing number of men. The Family Court has made several decisions that we know about where the man must pay out 50 percent of his super at its matured value. This means the divorcing wife gets half of what a payment will be worth in 20 years time. The woman gets the loot on the spot. The man is still bound by law to wait until he is 60. Doesn't seem right does it? But if the lawyer tells you "it's the law", then he isn't telling you the whole story. Don't be conned into an out-of-court settlement by this bloke. Get yourself a blood 'n' guts lawyer and make your former wife prove that your personal super is matrimonial property. Superannuation, after all, is meant to be a nest egg for retirement. Fighting in court will cost a lot of money but the majority of lawyers will be honest about whether it is worth going to court. Firstly, get a good lawyer. Secondly, hope the judge does the right thing. Good luck.

response cycle is completely different to the male's. Women naturally take a lot longer to orgasm than men and it seems that your bloke is putting in the hard yards to ensure your satisfaction. Instead of simply letting him go at for a quarter of an hour or so why not alternate between touching yourself and him going down on you? That way, you'll still have an orgasm, he can push you over the edge by going down on you, he won't have a numb jaw and he'll have the added

up someone in a bar. My problem is that I'm afraid that I might be enjoying the services of a lady of the night only to be caught by a vice cop and taken back to the station. If this does happen what should I do once I get there?

Once taken to a station, a charge must be made against you formally and without unnecessary delay. Immediately ask for bail and request that your solicitor and relatives be notified. If you're ques-

tioned at the station, give the police your name and address as well as some proof of identity, but tell the police that you will only consider making a statement after consulting a solicitor. Above all, do not lose your temper or allow yourself to get rattled. Don't be smart or rude and treat any suggestions that by making an immediate statement you will be making things easier for yourself with caution.

Woman trouble

Since my girlfriend of five years and I split up about six months ago, I have not been able to go out socialising and the few dates I have attempted have been failures. I keep comparing everyone to my former girlfriend and it seems that no-one matches up. I'm depressed, angry and lonely. What do I do?

Well, the first thing you should do is to stop wallowing in self-pity. Relationships start up and break down every day and kidding yourself that you're the only person who's ever been hurt is not going to get you anywhere. When we're apart from people we tend to idealise them and forget about what caused the problems that led to the break up. Obviously no woman could match up your idealised version of your ex-girlfriend. Snap out of your self-imposed exile and make the most of your network of friends to re-establish your social life.

Tooth theories

My problem is that I once had it too good. Five or six years ago I had an affair with a wonderful American woman. On only our second night together she told me she had a surprise. She took out her complete top set of false teeth and gave me the most incredible blow job of my life. I came in her mouth five times that night, with not one tooth on my cock. Normal blowjobs have never felt the same since. Hell, I'm only 28, and blowjobs are already mundane. Help!

Next time you go to bed with a woman of complete dental structure, tell her to wear an oral dam. You can buy one from sex shops and the result, with the aid of some orally applied K-Y jelly, is almost as good as a blowjob from a woman who's taken her falsies out.

sounds

r e v i e w

ROD SHEDS HIS TIGHTS

Welcome to my Monastery," greets Terence Trent D'Arby from the seclusion of his new home studio at the start of his third album *Symphony Or Damn* (Columbia).

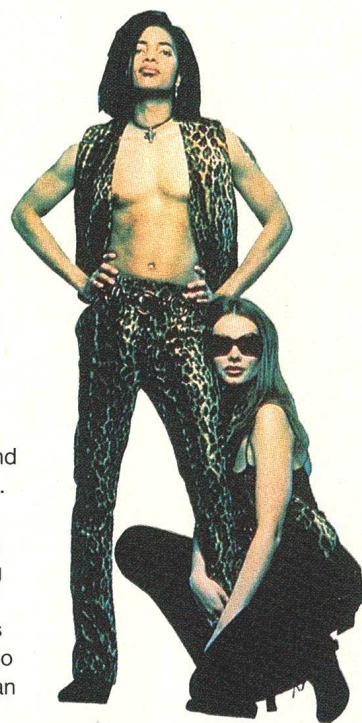
After relocating from London to LA he happily applied himself to being prolific. Less than a third of the resulting tunes see the light of day on this release and it still clocks in at 65 minutes.

Modesty has never been one of Mr TTD's weaknesses. However, with him performing the lion's share of all instrumental and vocal chores it's a real *tour de force*. It's no wonder famous, often one-man music factories like Bruce Springsteen and Prince get a grateful nod for inspiration.

Musically he straddles a greater number of styles with his stamp firmly on each. He kicks off with the full frontal guitar assault of "She Kissed Me", delivers "Baby Let Me Share My Love" as a funky screamer, and carves off a prime slice of Sixties pop rock for "Penelope Please" (definite Hollies tendencies).

The crackle of an old 78 in the background to "Seasons" is a dubious gimmick (sounding more like a stuck toilet cistern) but the lone guitar and sweet soul vocals emphasise that TTD's biggest trump card is a voice to match the gamut of his many stylistic moods.

In the last few years there



Modesty has never been one of Terence's weaknesses

has been a brace of strong local indigenous performers who have become more focused in terms of songwriting and production.

Archie Roach won many accolades for his debut *Charcoal Lane*. This time 'round his *Jamu Dreaming* (White) shows a greater

confidence with the whole studio process. The arrangements are fleshed out with a number of Melbourne musicians like Paul Kelly, some Black Sorrows and cellist Helen Mountford from Not Drowning Waving whose David Bridie also played keys and produces.

Nothing overpowers his intimate storytelling, full as it is of the pain of separation, oppressions and dispossession endemic to the Koori experience of the last 200 years. There is a gentle beauty to Roach's celebration of life through his children — "sometimes I think my baby is a wise old man, he helps me understand ... the meaning of love".

Vocal support is provided by Koori female trio **Tiddas** whose rich harmonies, often short but tuneful songs and no nonsense onstage bonhomie deserve their own growing audience.

They also add to the already strong multi-racial septet **Mixed Relations** on that band's latest offering of *Love* (Red Eye/Polydor). From their rock-reggae base the broad voice of Bart Willoughby extols the virtues of "Aboriginal Woman (she's the backbone of our spiritual way)".

The playing and production demand a listen while the seductive female chorus to "Make Love Not War" beckon, from a safe harbour away from the turbulent seas of racial disharmony.

Through the late Seventies and Eighties, **Rod Stewart** probably became more famous for marrying blondes and poncing about in grand Hollywood style than his music.

On *Lead Vocalist* (WEA) Rod dusts off some of those original recordings and adds an equal number of newly recorded covers that took his fancy including a richly orchestrated "Ruby Tuesday". He sounds relaxed not having to squeeze into any skin tight top 40 intentions. — *Jeremy Cook*

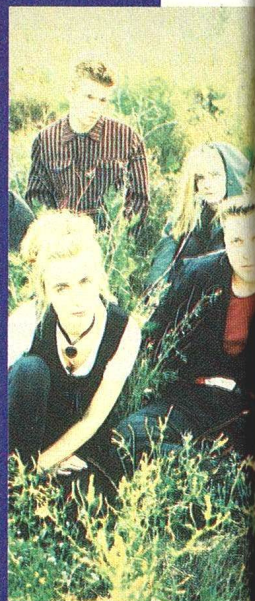
Killjoy was here

The **Killjoys** have finally been given a shot at a focused bout of recording after the positive response to their release "Ruby" which won them an ARIA award.

A *Million Suns* (Mushroom) shows that producer Craig Leon had the desired effect of helping the band turn their songs inside out whilst adding his wealth of experience and suitable sonic enhancements.

A song like "Pray For Rain" apparently went from a Bo Diddley beat to its current languid strumming and shimmering vibraphone chords with images from the lifestyle of Australian bushmen's wives: "The still roaring heat grows louder each day."

You get none of the sense of the desolate power of the outback that the Oils have conjured, rather a dreamy haze. Anna Burley's vocals often work against intensity in the material. Even when "beer and whiskey fill this great hole in my head" she still manages the cheery postscript: "I guess that you won't be leaving me" as she does a runner from a slumbering lover. On their more up tracks like "Beauty And Danger" they have an almost pre-pubescent verve. Leon heard this one as big guitar pop, the band as "a little folk song". They compromised with a genteel jig — no great waves more like happy ripples.



Black Label Edition Video

THE NEW BARBARIANS 2

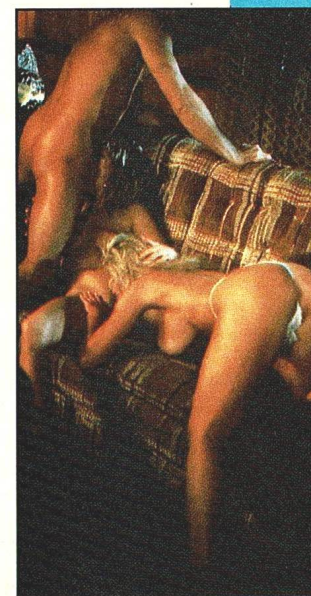
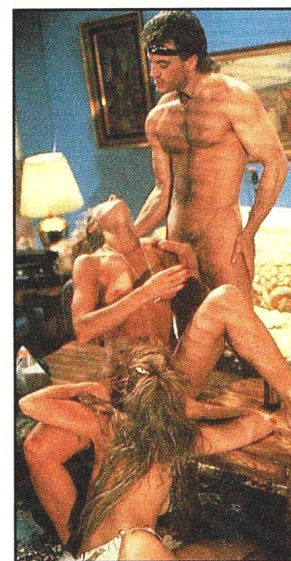
Following the success of *The New Barbarians 1*, from VCA comes the sequel *New Barbarians 2* which offers the same explicit action as seen in the original. Featuring well-known adult stars like Victoria Paris and Sabrina Dawn as the lusty Amazon warriors from the past who now find themselves caught in the future, this film is packed with adventure, comedy and erotic sexual escapades.

The story involves a magic crystal, a strange wizard and some ravishing maidens and makes for an arousing conclusion to Henri Pachard's time-travel erotic comedy.

The New Barbarians 2 is a classy, well-produced comedy with a cast of stimulating and sensual stars. The action is hot, steamy and explicit enough to guarantee you coming back for more.

\$35.00

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Contains Sexually Explicit Material

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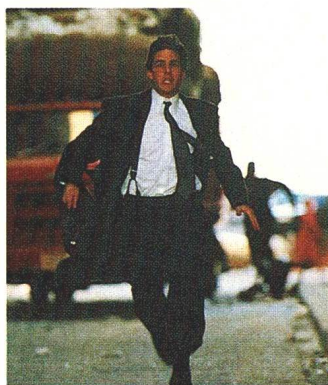
CRUISE & HACKMAN ENSURE A FIRM FOLLOWING

Hollywood's hot star of the moment is Gene Hackman. Following on from his Oscar success for *Unforgiven*, he gives an incredible performance in *The Firm*.

A departure from the classic mafia film, *The Firm* also features Hollywood's very hot Tom Cruise, Australia's favourite son-in-law.

Hackman plays Avery Tolar, a partner in "the firm" who, quite early in the film, clearly stands out as a mentor figure to Cruise's character Mitch McDeere, an honours graduate from an Ivy League school.

McDeere skips offers from big city law firms instead opting to take up a position with a small but wealthy partnership in Memphis, Tennessee, and in exchange the firm pays his debts, gets



him a Mercedes and finds him a home.

But, in true thriller style, things are not quite what they seem to be at "the firm" for the lawyers of Bendini, Lambert and Locke are tax specialists — the best and the brightest are recruited to help create the facade for what is, essentially, a law firm for the mafia.

MARIACHI MAESTRO

El Mariachi is probably unlike anything you've ever seen at the flicks — a strange and esoteric action adventure film set in a pseudo-futuristic border town called Mexico.

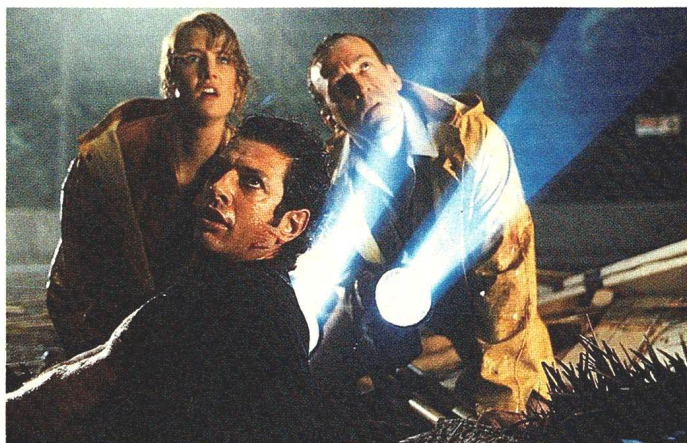
The story opens with a lone Mariachi musician coming to the town at the same time as a hitman — both are wearing black and both are carrying guitar cases. The only difference is while the Mariachi's case contains his beloved guitar, the hitman's is full of weapons.

Falling in love with a beautiful bar owner, the Mariachi finds himself mistaken for the hitman and ushered into a violent underworld.

El Mariachi is played by a young but very talented actor Carlos Gallardo while the love interest, Dimino, is played by Consuelo Gomez.

Produced, written and directed by Robert Rodriguez, *El Mariachi* launched the Sydney Film Festival in May and made such a strong impression it is being released nationally.

Unusual but the inside tip is that this will be huge.***



Secret files, security checks, listening bugs in his home and car and the odd mysterious death of a colleague are tossed into this well-structured hotpot of mafia intrigue. Hot.***

The story of *Made In America* is simple — Whoopi Goldberg plays an ordinary black woman living in Berkeley, California, who conceives a child with the aid of a sperm bank. "Black and beautiful" is all she is told about the donor.

When her daughter Zora is told the truth 18 years later she begins searching for her father only to discover he is Hal Jackson (Ted Danson) an irritating, white, car dealer whose claim to fame is a series of buffoonish TV commercials featuring a monkey.

What follows is a hysterical chain of events and a nicely played loved story between Danson and Goldberg.

Certainly a case of art imitating life, given that Danson and Goldberg's relationship has blossomed off screen as well in the past few months and the viewer can easily sense the chemistry these two actors have together. Smart and funny.***

One, of the strongest films to hit the big screen this year will be Steven Spielberg's *Jurassic Park*, an incredibly well put together film about the re-creation of dinosaurs through bio-technology.

The story of this rocket paced thriller focuses on an obsessive entrepreneur who

funds a top secret project to turn a remote island off the south of Costa Rica into a real-life dinosaur theme park.

With a huge cast headed by Sam Neill, Jeff Goldblum, Laura Dern and Richard Attenborough, *Jurassic Park* is based on a novel by Michael Crichton. Heavy duty.***

Made by the people who created the highly successful *Flying High* films — now they were funny — *Hot Shots* kind of hit just left of the spot and left a few people wondering when the punchline was going to show up.

Hot Shots 2 is similarly humourless and, despite a strong cast including Charlie

Hot Shots 2 is humourless despite a strong cast

Sheen, Lloyd Bridges and Rowan Atkinson, doesn't quite pull together in time to save itself.

After three failed missions the military turns to Topper (Sheen) to head a commando team sent into enemy territory to rescue the men who went in to get the men who went in to get the men and so on.

From there this film descends into a myriad of old comedy cliches. Ha ha ha ho hum. * — *Ford Buchanan*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOHN HARROLL



growing concerns

Lovely 21-year-old Daniella was born and raised in the country and has no ambition of moving to the big smoke. Having studied agriculture at a rural centre, she is currently preparing to play a major part in the large wheat growing business that has kept her family on the land for many generations.



"I really like the clean open feel of the country," she says. "When you're out in the fields with not a soul about, you can get up to anything you want. Once on a hot summers day, I was ploughing a field and decided that the weather was perfect for a bit of sunbaking. So I took off my top and carried on with my work. If any of the locals had seen me, I'd be in jail by now."

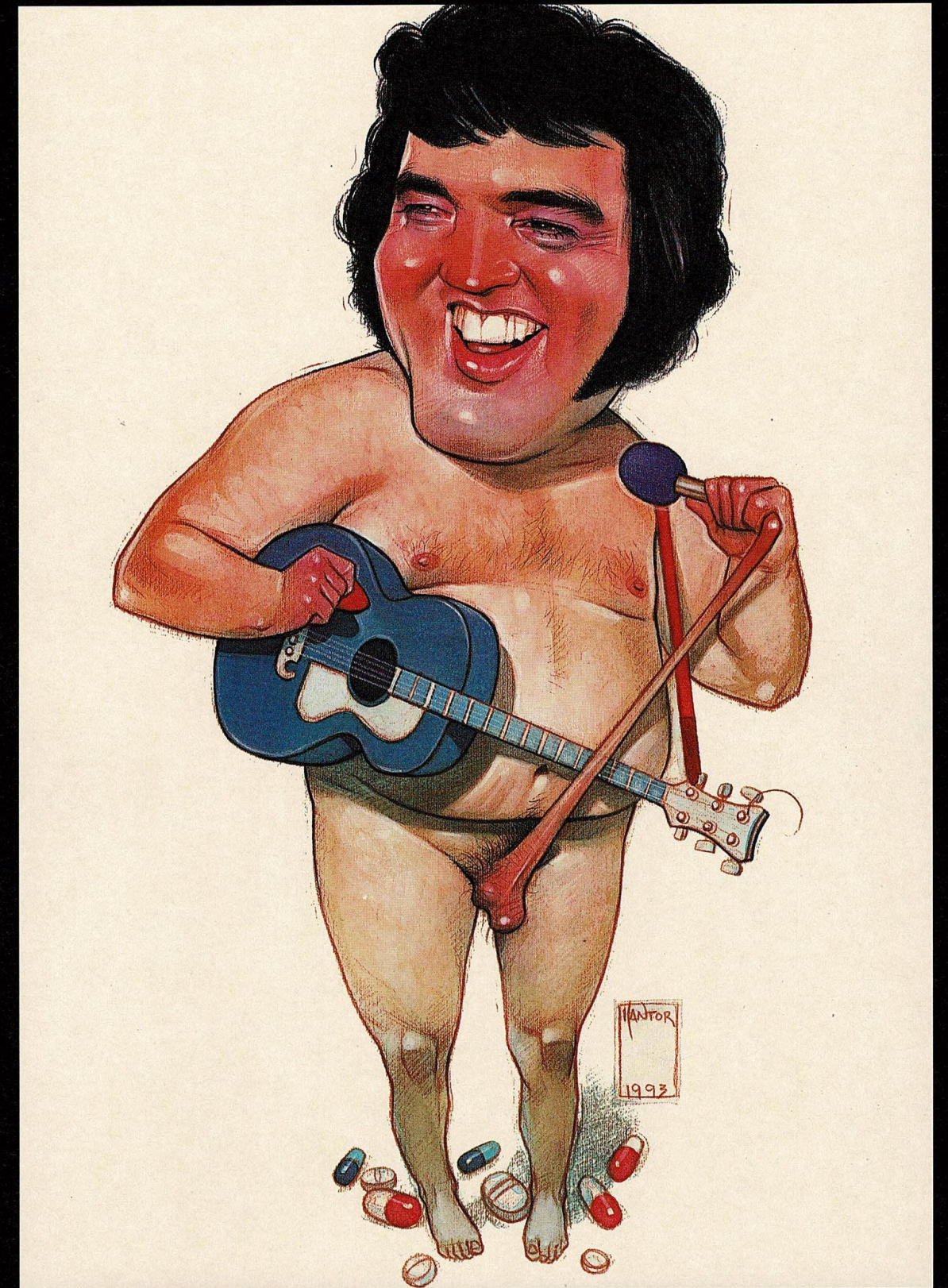
Daniella's hobbies include reading and writing and she hopes one day to publish her own novel set against the hardships of the Australian outback.







KANTOR'S



CELEBRITY SKINS

Elvis Presley

Do sexual harassment laws give men a fair go?

Sexual harassment

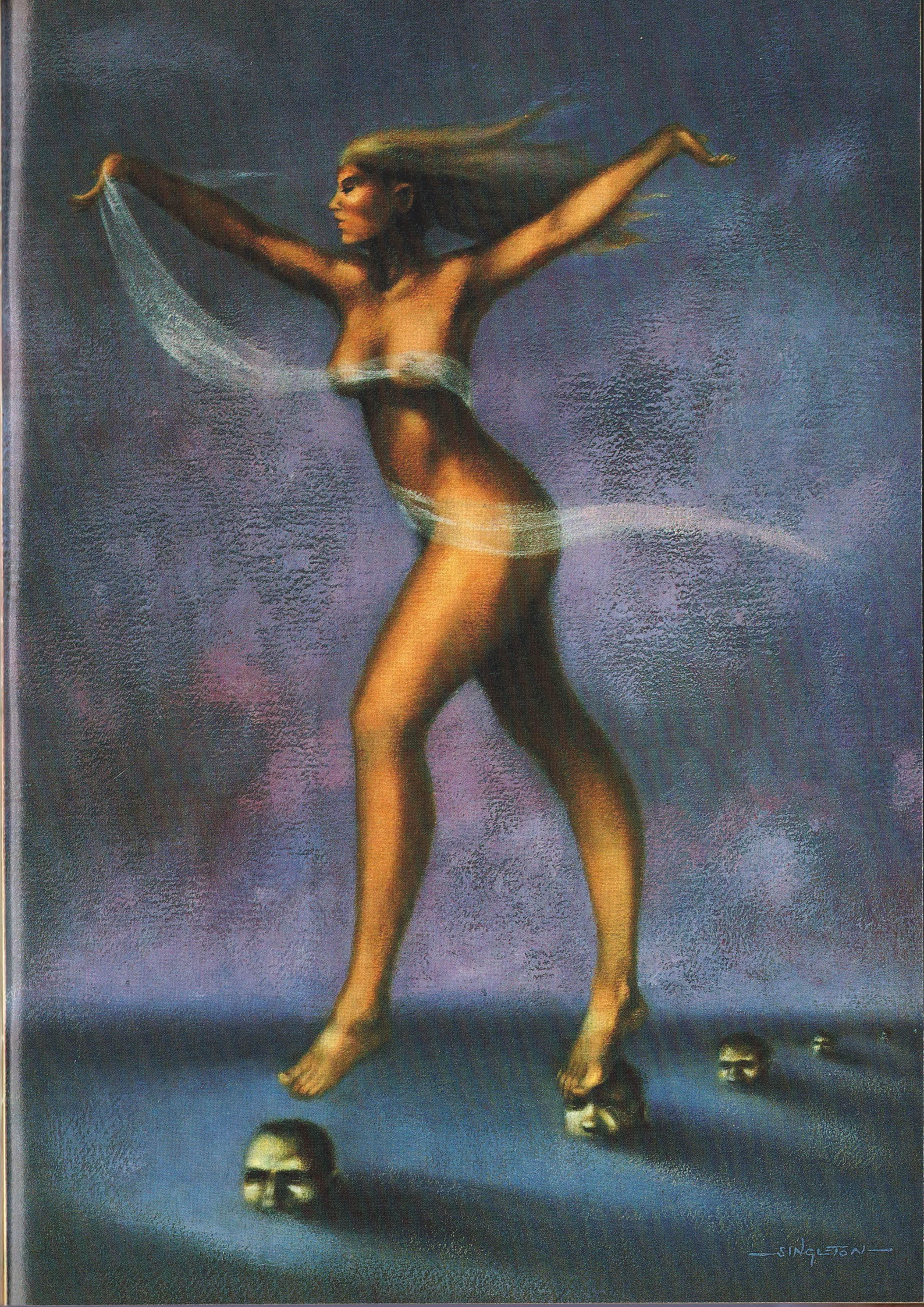
Sexual harassment became news in late 1991.

The topic reared its head in the United States but made world headlines.

A black legal academic, Clarence Thomas, was nominated by President George Bush for a seat on the bench of the US Supreme Court — the ultimate honour for an American legal eagle.

The abortion lobby attempted to derail the nomination because they saw Thomas as pro-life. That attempt failed. Weeks after he'd first been nominated, a relatively obscure law lecturer by the name of Anita Hill ensured that the power of the sexual harassment complaint would never again be

overlooked or underestimated by men.



— SINGLETON —

Harassment

In three short days she took a shield of protection and turned it into a political weapon.

Hill told a Senate confirmation hearing that Thomas had sexually harassed her when they had worked together at the Education Department.

The harassment consisted of Thomas talking about his penis size, pubic hairs in cans of Coke and references to a porn movie actor called Long Dong Silver, she said.

The Senate passed Clarence Thomas' nomination. He is now a Supreme Court judge.

Hill's accusations failed to block Thomas for the very reason that so many men are uncomfortable with the structure of sexual harassment laws. That is to say, the complaint seemed to be motivated by a desire to hurt the man rather than by a woman's right to exist with dignity at her workplace.

There were several reasons for this perception. Firstly, Anita Hill had laid no formal charges of the alleged harassment with her employer or complained to Thomas himself.

Secondly, if the alleged sexual harassment had so humiliated and offended Hill, why had she followed Thomas to a new and better job at the Equal

Employment Opportunity Commission and later used Thomas as an employment reference and then invited him to lecture at her law school?

Thirdly, and most cynically, the supposed episodes of sexual harassment occurred ten years prior to the allegations.

The Hill/Thomas affair brought to the surface the tension that lies behind sexual harassment in the workplace and made real the fears that both "sides" hold on the subject; women scared that sexual harassment complaints are not taken seriously by male-dominated bureaucracies, and the male fear that sexual harassment laws make it too easy for a woman to make vexatious complaints.

The outcome gave fuel to feminist claims to strengthen sexual harassment laws and following the duel, complaints of sexual harassment increased in the United States by 50 percent.

The imbroglio also triggered a howl of anti-feminist rhetoric from columnists and commentators; a New York-based Men's Centre distributed 3000 Consensual Sex Contracts to men to guard against vexatious claims of sexual harassment and the usually staid magazine *New Republic* lashed out at the sexual harassment laws from its editorial column: "Under the new rules, speech can be banned whenever one man's lyric

becomes a reasonable woman's vulgarity".

Australia has not yet seen the subject of sexual harassment attain the attention it gained in the US through the Anita Hill affair. But Australia has its own on-going battles with sexual harassment in the workplace.

The Sex Discrimination Act 1984 made sexual harassment unlawful in the workplace. This was a Federal law. At the state level, New South Wales introduced sexual harassment laws in 1977 and South Australia followed in the same year.

The Federal act makes the employer responsible for providing a sexual harassment-free workplace. Failure to do so makes the employer liable for compensation in the event of a successful complaint.

Sexual harassment was given a broad definition and a dizzying array of examples. The Human Rights and Equal Opportunities Commission (HREOC) published a page-long list of sexual harassment examples starting with "fondling, pinching, patting, touching", moving through body movements of a sexual nature, smutty jokes and leering, to sexually oriented verbal or written remarks, displays of humiliating or offensive posters, pictures or cartoons, and ending with sexist jokes, flashing, persistent questions about a person's private life, persistent requests for a date, physical contact and suggestive comments about a person's physical appearance.

Sexual harassment literature can be confusing but Josephine Tiddy, Commissioner at the South Australia Equal Opportunity Commission, says these are merely examples of sexual harassment. Sexual harassment is simply unwelcome behaviour of a sexual nature, she says.

"It's abuse of power behaviour — it's the act of a bully."

Typical scenarios include the boss who wants sex with a less-senior woman, and tells her that if she won't sleep with him, life could be difficult. There is also the groper, the man who persistently makes passes, and the man who seeks to dominate people with remarks about their bodies and clothes.

Extreme cases involve the grabbing of breasts and the "flashing" of penises. Sexual assault is a matter for the police.

A recent case in Queensland saw \$11,000 awarded to a 50-year-old cleaning woman whose male supervisor told her she needed her bottom spanked, pulled her dress over her head and then ordered her to clean under the bottom shelf at the supermarket she worked at.

According to studies, sexual harassment costs the companies of Australia millions of dollars a year in absenteeism, low productivity and bad morale.

At the Federal level, there were more



Harassment

than 3500 complaints of sexual harassment made last year. About 2000 each year are made through the State Equal Opportunity Commissions and Anti Discrimination Boards. Ninety seven per cent of all sexual harassment complaints are made by women against men.

The bulk of these complaints will be dealt with by mediators who take the complaints to "conciliation". This involves the mediator, the employer and the alleged harasser coming to an agreement about the complaint. These conciliated agreements can mean a harasser is fired, is transferred away from the complainant, or the employer is required to pay compensation to the complainant. Compensation payments range from \$1000 to \$40,000.

If a complaint is not conciliated, it goes to a Sex Discrimination Commissioner but few cases go this far.

At the Commonwealth level, the commissioner is Sue Walpole. When she makes a finding on a complaint, the decision can be reviewed in a Federal court as long as the review is sought within 28 days. If a review is not sought, the Commissioner's decision has the weight of a Federal court decision.

Sexual harassment is unlawful; it is not a crime.

The original law put the onus on the complainant to show that the harassment had caused disadvantage or detriment, for example, losing seniority, being fired, taking sickies etc.

However, in 1992 the Commonwealth Government made changes to the sexual harassment laws that still rile men's groups today.

The Amendment Act 1992 changed the law so the act of sexual harassment in itself constitutes harm rather than having to prove any other detriment.

The law was further bolstered in favour of the complainant by removing the objective test of what constituted sexual harassment.

The objective test of what the reasonable person would think was replaced with a subjective test of whether the complainant *felt* humiliated, offended or intimidated (as long as it was reasonable to feel that way).

The amendments also refused a defence of innocence on the part of the harasser — the harassment is now proved when the complainant *feels* humiliated, offended or intimidated.

With the law so stacked in favour of the complainant, and the fact that 97 percent of all complainants are women, it should come as no surprise that the sexual harassment laws have raised the hackles of some men.

There are now men's groups, such as

the Men's Fraternity, that are committed to overturning the Sex Discrimination Act and its amendments.

Confraternity spokesman, Perth-based Mike Ward, calls our current sexual harassment laws "a crime in progress."

"The sexual harassment laws as we have them today are in fact harassment of men. This law is not for everybody, it's for women, and it's written by feminists who want to legislate inter-personal relationships.

"It is also in contravention of the United Nations charter on human rights. What would you call a law that victimises a single group in society, where a person is guilty until proven innocent and the person making the complaint always tells the truth?"

Ward says the laws are particularly offensive because they seek to give women the same power as men in the workplace, but with none of the burden of being a man.

"This law is set-up to punish normal, masculine behaviour. Men are trained and conditioned by our society to be the aggressor, or to 'chase' women, but this law means he can be punished if he gets it wrong. Basically this law says to women 'if you like him, it's okay. If you don't like him, it's sexual harassment and you have the legal power to ruin his life'. It's sexual harassment if the woman says it is."

Ward's contention that the Sex Discrimination Act is a "woman's law" administered by feminists can be seen as a spurious claim.

But some of his claims arguably stand up. The Sex Discrimination Act 1984 is indeed a "woman's law", being initiated by the United Nations Convention for the Elimination of Discrimination Against Women. Sexual harassment laws were initially drafted to help women and were later expanded to include men.

Ward's opinion is also supported in the HREOC's own literature.

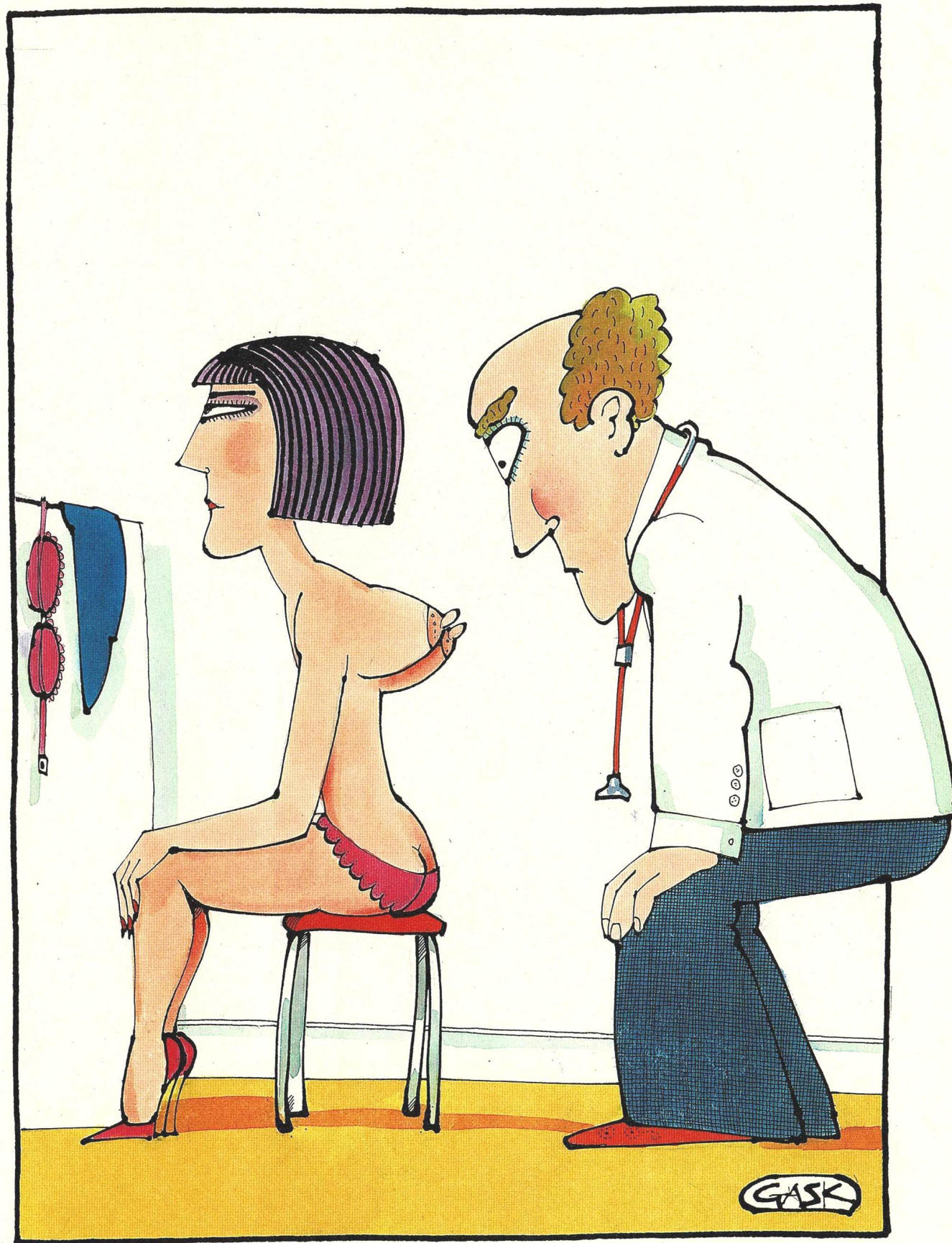
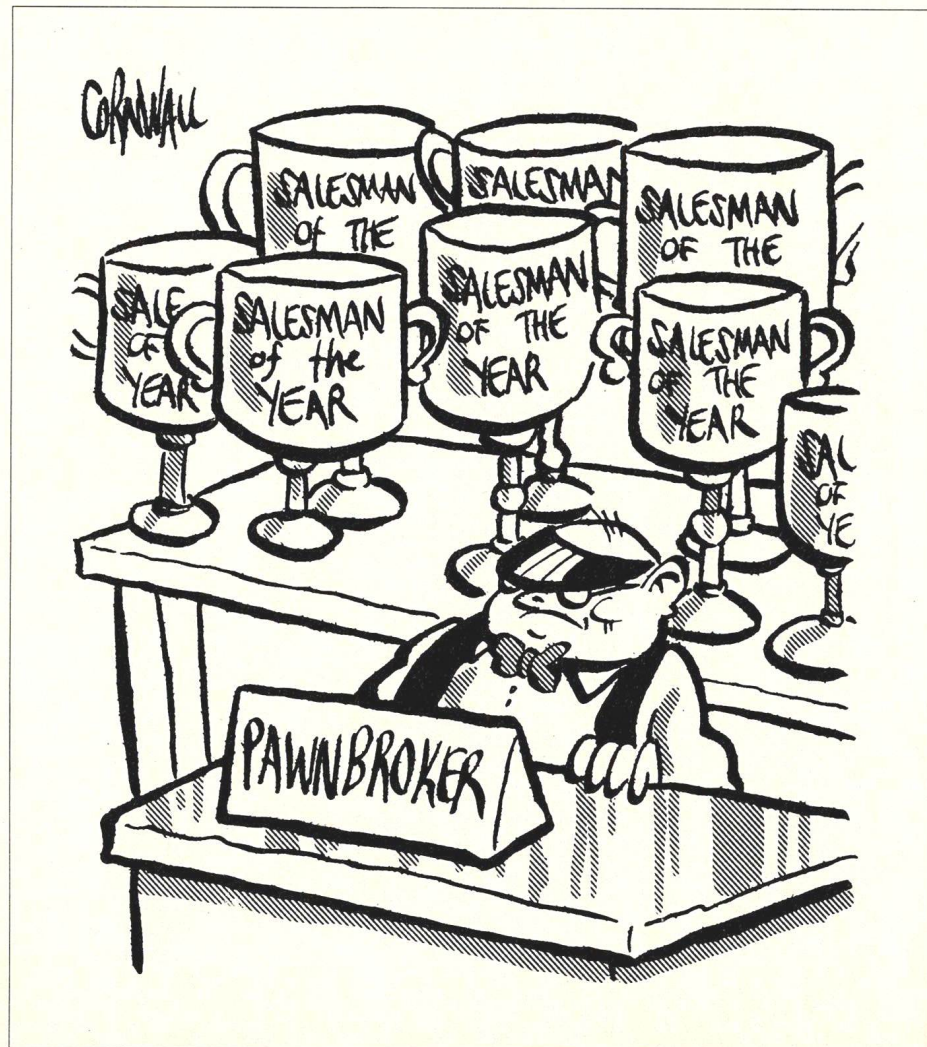
In a series of pamphlets called *The Sex Discrimination Act 1984*, HREOC's slip up comes in part three: *Sexual harassment in the workplace*.

In fact, the then Sex Discrimination Commissioner, Ms Quentin Bryce, makes the sexist gaffe in the first sentence of her opening statement: "The rising number of complaints ... shows that many women continue to be subjected to sexual harassment in the workplace."

In the second sentence Ms Bryce says: "Sexual harassment continues to make the working lives of many women extremely difficult and unproductive."

Language that excludes males from the sexual harassment laws occurs six times in the single pamphlet. All the examples of sexual harassment in the pamphlet are males harassing females.

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ALL RHODES



Sandra Rhodes has spent a fair portion of her 24 years searching for enlightenment. As a spiritual adviser and professional yoga teacher, Sandra has travelled through many lands studying the great spiritual traditions. She has graced Israel, Thailand, Tibet, India and California with her presence and has learned a great deal about the human condition.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY SUZE RANDALL





"People tend to be so caught up with insignificant hangups that they make their own lives miserable. Take sex and nudity for example — it's the most wonderful thing two people can do, yet we make it so complicated. One of the reasons I chose to pose for *Penthouse* was to show the world that being naked is a beautiful thing, not something to be ashamed of. It really worries me that there are still people out there who can only make love with the lights off."





Sandra says that part of keeping herself looking good is meditation. "If you can relax totally, things tend to fall into perspective. Your problems don't seem that pressing and you can concentrate on fully enjoying the pleasures that the human body was designed to give within a loving, caring relationship. Sandra keeps fit by rock climbing and bushwalking but says that there is nothing that compares to a workout of the most intimate nature.





Sometimes the most startling revelations are made under the most ordinary of circumstances.

Australia's greatest ever 400m runner, Darren Clark, is sitting in an up-market north shore Sydney coffee shop, sipping cappuccino and pecking at Italian pastry.

It is an unusually pristine setting in which to expose the grubby underbelly of athletics, a world that has been dominated by musclebound hulks jet-propelled on steroids.

Clark has been a staunch opponent of performance-enhancing drugs. In fact, when he quit athletics for Rugby League not long after winning a gold medal at the Auckland Commonwealth Games, Clark cited widespread, unchecked steroid use among his opponents as a principal reason for getting out of the sport.

NOWHERE TO RUN

Can Darren Clark win a medal in Atlanta?

BY RICHARD SLEEMAN

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LIVE ACTION



Clark

Now, hands cupped around his cappuccino, Clark is about to reveal his own previously secret venture into the dark world of steroid dealing. Not in some European back-alley, but right here in that seat of sports learning, the taxpayer-funded Australian Institute of Sport.

"It was just before the Seoul Olympics in 1987," Clark starts off. "I wanted an Olympic medal so badly. I came so close at Los Angeles, running fourth. This time I didn't want to miss out. The gold would most likely be won in around 43.5 seconds. I knew I couldn't run that time clean. I needed steroids, I was convinced of it. I had read everything about them."

"I discussed it one day with my coach. But I had already made up my mind. I would take steroids to prepare for Seoul, and that was that."

Clark's coach, Sydney journalist Mike Hurst, to his credit, wanted no part of the idea. But a meeting was arranged with the man considered the key figure in the distribution of steroids among Australian track and field athletes in the Eighties. That man was then a paid official of the Australian Institute of Sport.

He no longer holds that position.

The meeting between Clark and the official was held in an institute office. In the odd way that drug-dealers sometimes moralise and defend what they do, the official told Clark: "Have you exhausted every other alternative? Can you possibly train harder or eat better? If you can, don't try steroids as an easy way out. They are the last choice, not the first. If you decide on steroids, it can be arranged."

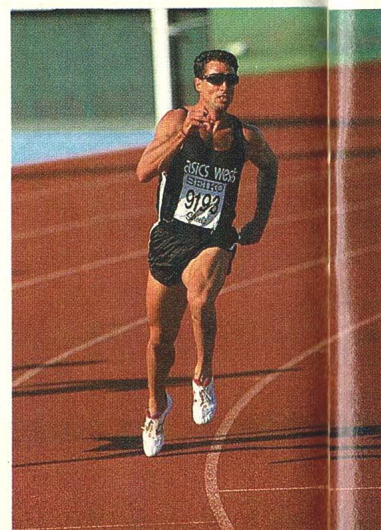
"It's strange, but the bloke actually talked me out of it," Clark recalls. "I went away and talked it over with my coach. There were ways that I could train harder. And we could consult a nutritionist. I mean there were days when I'd do a couple of 300 metres run-throughs at training, and go to the beach. I had a reputation as a bit of a party animal. I don't mind admitting I went to the occasional interclub meet or relay carnival with a hangover. So I could certainly go out on the town less. I could drink a bit less. Anything was better than the humiliation of being caught out and branded as a drug cheat."

So a momentous decision was made. Clark would not take steroids to win-at-all-costs in Seoul. Perhaps if he had, the Australian sporting public might now be hailing Clark as an Olympic Gold medalist. Or hounding him as a proven drug cheat. In any case, he went to Seoul "clean", ran a personal best 44.38sec and once again ran fourth in the final.

Others pumped up on steroids won gold medals on that steamy track in 1988. Ben Johnson was caught and run



Left: At the Auckland Commonwealth Games in 1990, Clark wins a gold medal; a medal he doesn't regard as anything special. Below Left: Clark with the first-grade Balmain side. He says he never fulfilled his potential as a footballer. Below Right: Clark competing at the 1993 State titles.



The world of athletics has been dominated by musclebound hulks jet-propelled on steroids

out of town. Several were not, and returned as conquering heroes.

"I don't regret my stand against performance-enhancing drugs," Clark says. "People said I brought down the sport's good name. That's a laugh. Fellow athletes brushed me ... friends I'd known for years."

"But it's a fact of life. My opponents were on drugs, including the then world record holder. I was bitter and frustrated. After Auckland, I just said: 'Stuff this. I'm out of here.'" What's especially disturbing is that athletes knew to get their chemicals from a Sports Institute official. A 1991 Senate inquiry into drugs in sport

would have liked that information.

Clark has never been one to hide his light under a bushel. Some might call him immature, even juvenile, but his scams and practical jokes on the international track circuit are the stuff of legends. Ask Jane Flemming for instance. She was sharing a room in Seoul with another Australian team member, long jumper, Nicole Boegman. The night before competition, Clark thought he'd break the tension. He put on a gorilla costume, broke into the girls' room and in the middle of the night, jumped onto Flemming's bed, beating his chest and making Tarzan-type howling noises. At the Commonwealth Games in Auckland, he squirted foam from a fire hose into the

Clark

Irish quarters. The poor paddys were knee-deep in froth and none-the-wiser as to the culprit.

It wasn't quite so much fun for Clark when he switched to Rugby League. Says Clark's long-time friend and NSW Rugby League captain, Benny Elias: "Darren thought that all he had to do was to get the ball and he'd score. But he didn't understand that there are other skills involved — the swerve, the step, the evasion skills. To say nothing of the four or five monsters coming at you."

The decision to play bone-crunching league was ill-conceived, and now Clark is a 400 metre athlete again, preparing for the Commonwealth Games in Canada and then the Olympics in Atlanta. He played the 1991 season with Sydney club Balmain, and lingered all year in reserve grade. He made perhaps \$30,000 out of it before tax, a pittance even for track and field "amateurs" who can be paid, as Carl Lewis is, \$100,000 appearance money for a single race that lasts 10 seconds.

But it's too simplistic to say he was a failure at football. Only one season is scarcely enough time in which to make that judgment. Many top level Rugby Union players take at least that long to adjust to a game that's essentially the

same. One of the greats of Rugby league, Michael O'Connor, spent his first season in reserve grade with St George after going there as a Rugby Union international.

Clark says he "didn't fulfil his potential as a footballer". But, most importantly, he says: "I had a go. Deep down there's some regret. But all my life up to that point," Clark says, "I did things that other people wanted me to do. Playing football was something I always wanted to do for myself. So I never made first grade. Who cares? I did okay. Except for that time against Cronulla at Leichhardt Oval when I let the ball bounce, and I should have caught it on the full. They came through and scored. Why did it have to happen right in front of the main stand? How embarrassing!"

Since childhood, he'd always harboured an ambition to play league. When he lost faith in athletics, Clark sought out his old mate, Elias. Says Elias: "We were in the lounge room of Darren's house when he just blurted it out, 'I want to play for Balmain.' I told the Balmain chief executive Keith Barnes. He fell about laughing. When they saw how serious Darren was, they gave him a go. I don't think he realised how hard it is. But whatever you do, you can't achieve success overnight."

Clark says he never understood the Australian "tall poppy syndrome" until he

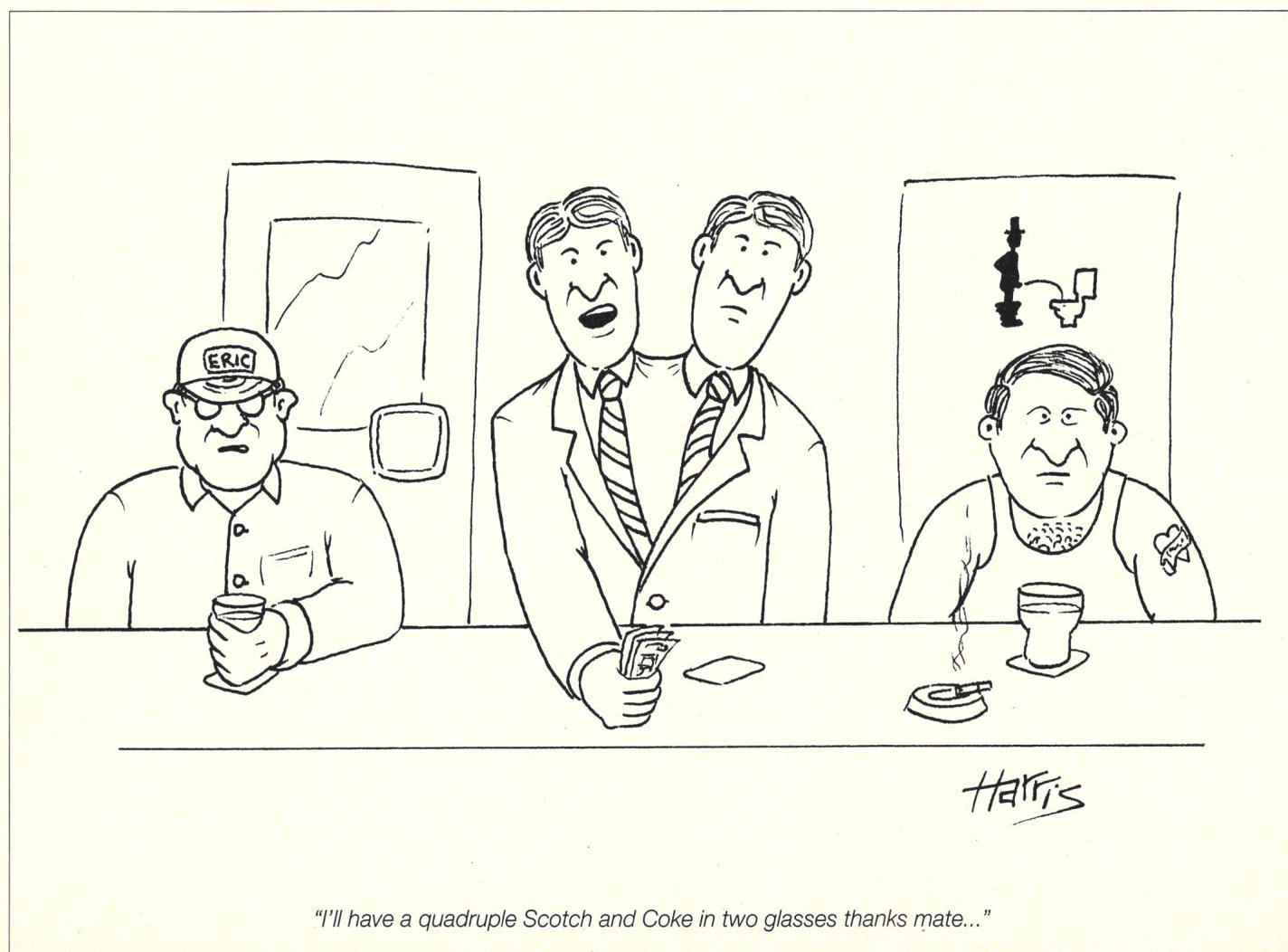
pulled on a pair of football boots. "I had this feeling," he says, "that people were wanting me to fail. They were waiting for me to stuff up. Not just fans of the opposing team, but others with no interest in a particular game or even the sport. Some old athletic team-mates were hoping I'd crash and burn, too."

Clark prefers to look back on the positive aspects. "My wife Sue and I made some great friends — people like Alan Jones and James Grant. We still see them regularly, go to matches and cheer them on. I'm not disenchanted with league. I'll go back and play it again some day."

Right now, he's playing at athletics again. The pastry and the cappuccino are well and truly digested. It's several hours later and Clark is hurtling around Rotary Field in Chatswood, as part of the twice-daily training routine. In many ways, it's like being caught in a time warp. He used to do this a dozen years ago on the very same field, and dream of just getting to an Olympics.

The observer's mind goes back, too. The old newspaper clippings say it was November, 1982 when the observer watched a little-known teenager zoom around that same Rotary field. The kid's coach, Allan Hawes, who ran a courier company called Speed For Sale, had

Continued on page 98



Tanya



Class Act

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BRUCE COULTER



At 23 years old, stylish Tanya Hyde has worked all over Asia as an erotic dancer of the highest calibre. She is so good that her talents are constantly being sought by promoters all over the region. The 35-25-34 blonde with the alluring eyes was born in Adelaide and has worked in cabaret shows and as an erotic dancer.

MADE IN AUSTRALIA







Calling Tanya an exhibitionist is an understatement. "As long as my job puts me on a stage dancing, I love it. I enjoy stripping as much as choreographed cabaret shows as long as I'm given enough stage room and lighting to show my talents."

Tanya also enjoys working in the garden or going horseriding but she says her real hobby lies in devouring books. "I read everything from horror to espionage to science fiction, but I would have to say my favourite is the Stephen Donaldson series."

When describing her ideal man Tanya says that muscle-bound hairy men are definitely out of the running while a chap with smooth skin, expressive eyes and what she calls "a good clean male smell" will almost certainly catch her eye.

When she finds this man, he'll be in for the time of his life. When asked about her most exciting sexual encounter Tanya says, "It was when I was 18 and my boyfriend and I scaled a crane on a building site and made love on one of the platforms about 50 metres above the ground. Between the vertigo and the orgasms it was great."







NIGHTLIFE
bombala

BY MARK ABERNETHY

southern lights

PHOTOS BY PAUL MCIVER

**When night
falls in
Bombala,
the country
music stars
come out
to play**

It's almost nine o'clock and down Maybe Street sounds of musical accidents come thick and fast. The strange noises get louder outside The Globe Hotel and mad giggling sounds boom through a cheap sound system.

Above the door to the old rural pub, the sign says it all: "The Entertainer" over a painted globe that features Australia and New Zealand at the centre of the planet.

Inside The Globe, the scene unfolds like a barber's wet dream. The small place is packed with the kind of people who get their hair cut twice a year and have been wearing the same V-neck woollen jumpers for the past week.

Everywhere are stockman's hats, riding boots and gulping throats. In the corner is the big, young footy star who's had too many grogs — the same bloke you'd find in any rural Australian pub on any Saturday night.



NIGHTLIFE

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There's a fire going on one side, and through a door on the opposite wall people stream in and out.

The huge barman stares at a lanky cowboy on the small stage in the corner. The cowboy with the white straw Stetson and bass guitar is drunk and is already 15 minutes past his start time.

"Tonight the bottle let me down," slurs Hoff into the squealing sound system, and the crowd roars its approval.

He offers a short obituary for Roger Miller and launches into a sedated version of "King Of The Road". The screams subside to hubbub as the punters get back to their drinks. This is Saturday night in horse country and tonight the Boundary Riders play Bombala.

Bombala is the kind of town people talk about when they reminisce about the good ol' days. The main street is a small town anthem: Maybe Street, which intersects, at the war memorial, with Caveat Street.

This is Man From Snowy River country — 110 kilometres inland on the Monaro high plain; halfway between Sydney and Melbourne and a world away from the precious existence of Canberra, which, according to the locals, is "just over the hill" but too confusing to contemplate visiting.

"I went to Sydney when I was a nipper," says local horseman, Wingnut, "but I took one look around and said to me mum 'let's go home mum, there's too many people here,' and that's just what we did. And I've never been back since neither."

Wingnut is 30-years-old and too satisfied with his stockman life to apologise to anyone for anything.

It's difficult to live in a city and then come to terms with a place where the proprietor of the local Monaro Cafe actually wears a uniform apron and will serve you a mixed grill for \$5.95 that can't be physically eaten in one sitting. How do you explain to your yuppie Sydney neighbour that a salad in Bombala consists of lettuce, cheddar and tomato, and not sound like somebody

who forgets what he's saying mid-sentence?

Which is Bombala — a town that got caught somewhere between *Bonanza* and the *Brady Bunch* and forgot to finish the sentence.

It's a town of 3350 that is so used to lost city folk stopping on their ways to Sydney or Melbourne and saying things like "whaddya do round here?" that the whole place has sunk into an in-joke at its own expense. It's a forgotten part of Australia, circumvented by the Hume Highway to the west and the Princess Highway to the east — a place that bristles with Birth Of A Nation history but failed to maintain relevance past the Great War.

The locals will happily tell you that this used to be the end of the line on the Cooma branch railroad, but the trains don't come no more. They'll buy you a beer and tell you that Bombala used to be one of the biggest logging areas in NSW, but the Greenies want to change that. ("Greenies? They're what hangs out ya nose, ain't they Chas?")

Here, in the heart of the Monaro Plain, the biggest, toughest bullock teamster piss-ups used to rage after the bullock team reinsmen had returned with their log haulage payments at the coast... but that passed with the invention of the internal combustion engine.

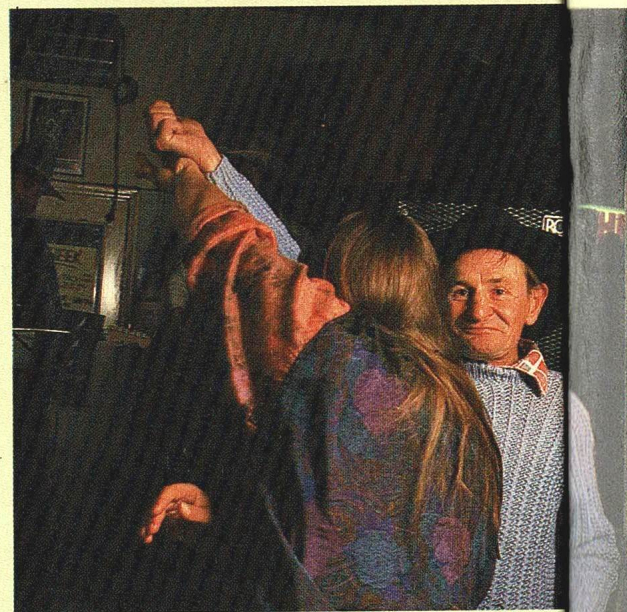
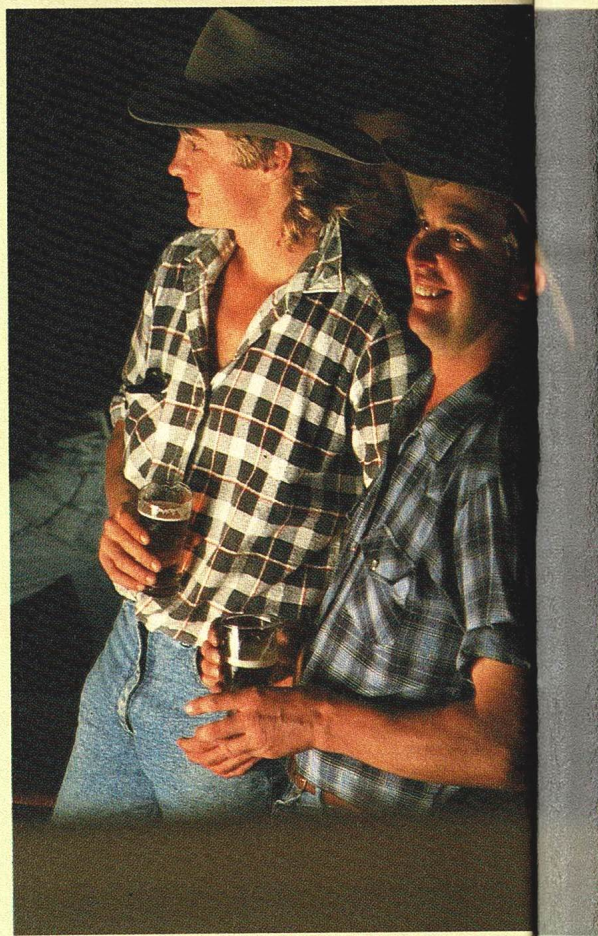
The only thing the locals can point to as a modern-day attraction to this strange place is the fact that at various times of the year a weird collection of academics From The Big Smoke, will descend on Bombala to look at the sky. That cracks the Bombalans up; that the city folk would travel hundreds of miles to look at the Southern Lights.

To these people it's something spoken about casually over a beer; "Sky's playing up again Chas. The cows got a bit frisky."

Another thing the Folks From The Smoke have to get used to in Bombala, is that your name means nothing. You could be called Moses or Jesus and it wouldn't mean a thing to the High Plainers. Rich, poor, old, young, failure, success: it means nothing, because everyone in Bombala gets called "Chas."

Coming to terms with a few of these subtleties is a rite of passage for a Bloke From The Smoke who wants to blend with the Saturday drinkers at The Globe and not stick out like balls on a dog. It's something to bear in mind when you throw on your best togs and head out to catch some country music at The Globe. ("Your home away from home.")

If country music is seeing a popularity boom in cities like Brisbane, Melbourne and Sydney, then someone forgot to tell the Bombalans. They also forgot to tell these people that country music's New Wave entails pin-up good looks, blue leather pants, \$500 cowboy boots and



publicity people.

The High Plains country singers would look at you strange if you asked who their agent or recording company is. It just doesn't work like that in places where Country and Western are the two types of music you're going to get if you venture out into the wacky world of Monaro nightlife.

The country music singers down here wear Yakka's and elastic sided Baxters rather than the \$300 moleskins and Tony Lama boots of the pin-up brigade. While the major cities go ape over the new country music radio stations, and country festivals like Tamworth and Gympie rope people in by their thousands, in places



The moon is full and this is Saturday night on the Monaro

like Bombala they're still listening to Athol McCoy's Country music hour on the regional ABC and scratching their heads as to why someone would travel all the way to Tamworth to listen to country music when you can hear the best examples of the genre on the High Plains' own Monaro circuit. Bemboka, Bombala, Cooma, Jindabyne, Delegate, Dalgety, Nimmitabel and down the Big Jack Mountain Road to Wyndham.

The Monaro circuit features acts like Athol McCoy and his classic hit Tassie Tears, The Real McCoys, starring Athol's wife, Elaine, on fiddle, the Boundary Riders, Johnny "Hacksaw" Harris, the O'Donnell Brothers and an ever-changing assortment of country musicians that play the rural lounges to audiences that don't need Big Smoke radio to tell them that country's a happening thing.

Having alerted the bar to the fact that the bottle let him down tonight, Hoff polishes off "King Of The Road" and has to take some good-natured heckling from an elderly drunk who makes some reference to the fact that Hoff may be running out of brain cells to abuse.

"I don't have many brain cells left,

but that's something I don't have to tell you about Chas," and Hoff meanders into a John Wayne drawl, remarking, to the disbelief of one section of the crowd, that the Boundary Riders have returned to The Globe at the management's request.

The large publican is impassive. He's dealing with a babbling drunk who's 15 minutes late and already hitting him for advances on the fee and free drinks — a country singer on the rough end of a three day bender who's been wearing the same shirt and pants for the duration and is already insulting the paying public.

"Gee, you're still there. I thought everyone had gone to sleep," slurs the 36-year-old singer, and launches into the Boundary Riders' very own corrupted version of an old Elvis number, "Blue Moon Of Kentucky."

That gets the crowd going, and over the hiss and thump of the PA system cries of "go Hoff" are yelled by the contingent that staggered and lurched from the local footy clubrooms with the express purpose of seeing Hoff and his guitar sideman Paul Raymond Newell.

Newell has the kind of talent that

makes you ask: "What the fuck are you doing playing Bombala?" It's something that hasn't escaped the attention of the locals, one of whom alleges, "Paul Raymond Newell is the man who could have picked with Chet Atkins at the Grand Ol' Opry."

Bottle neck, flat picking, finger picking, the works. Hoff's partner can do some serious things with a Fender Stratocaster.

Newell himself seems as confused as anyone when it comes to the circumstances that see him spending as much time covering for the mistakes and drunken bunglings of his famous partner as he spends powering out his huge riffs.

"I played in the big rooms up in Sydney and Melbourne, but who's going to get him onto the stage and pick him up when he falls over," he says pointing at Hoff who's trying to cadge a drink off the barman during a break.

Hoff's quite public affection for a drink would probably earn him a whole lot of derogatory labels in the city. But on the Monaro they say, "he's hell when he's well" and no-one seems to mind anyone's business but their own.

Not that it's encouraged, but it is understood. In places like Bombala you can do just about anything you want as long as you don't mess with another bloke's earn and don't hit on his missus.

Hoff lurches back onto the stage and

NIGHTLIFE

bombala

southern lights

pulls out his secret weapon; a 1955 Hotner President semi-acoustic six string guitar.

The big blonde guitar is the source of his name and the inspiration for his late, legendary band, the Hofner Brothers. The guitar is as synonymous with Hoff as Lucille was with BB King, or the square six-string was with Bo Diddley.

This is not lost on the well-oiled crowd of wranglers and rednecks who stamp their feet and shout the house down as Hoff slowly turns to face the room and reveal his pride and joy; Hoff is back with his favourite axe and working the crowd like the seasoned pro he is. "This next number is dedicated to the great Jay Okay," yells the singer into the squealing, spluttering sound system and launches into his own unique impression of what probably started life as Johnny O'Keefe's "Poison Ivy" but sounds more like ragwort in the hands of Hoff.

By 10.30pm, the Boundary Riders are galloping. Hoff is with his people and getting paid to have fun never felt so good.

Referring to Elvis Presley as "King", Hoff launches into his King tribute with jangling off-beat versions of "Hound Dog", "Jailhouse Rock" and "Suspicious Minds." The King set gets the locals, young and old, onto the makeshift dance floor and Hoff backs up with a *tour de force* cover of Frankie Ford's "Alimony" and when he powers into Slim's "India Pacific", the crowd sings along with more than just a few teary eyes staring into schooners of VB.

Wingnut's spending his one day's leave from the sheep station on the piss and wants to introduce us to his mate, Bill "From Over The Hill". Bill has obviously had one or nine too many but is at pains to convince the Blokes From The Smoke that Bombala is a trouble-free town.

"There's no trouble with the police in Bombala," says the stockman, "although there was a brawl the other night at The Imperial when Borneo got on the grog and went mad."

Borneo is still on the grog and going

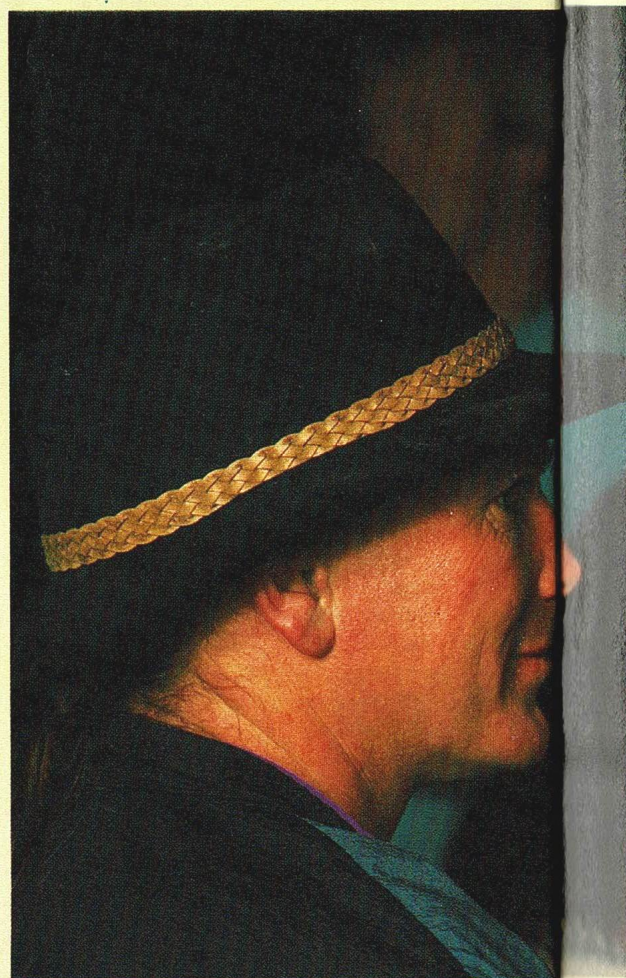


mad by the time Hoff tears into his bravura rendition of Hank William's "Jambalaya". Borneo, a middle-aged Bombalan stockman, has had enough of lollygagging at the bar and decides it's time to dance. There are several women of Borneo's vintage but the man who has ridden more horses into High Plains bars than any living soul, is more interested in the young fillies. In fact, to match his drinking Borneo is in the mood for excess and by the time he's taken flack from some of the older ladies for being a "silly old coot", the living legend has escorted the two most attractive women in the bar to the dance floor and is doing something called the "Jindabyne Jig".

The jig involves square dancing with a head full of booze with two women at the same time.

The result is a mixture of Peter Garrett and John Travolta, all performed of course, with the kind of dignity one would expect from a man who sends a beer back because his horse won't drink from a dirty glass.

Borneo, we are told, is known from Tumbarumba to the sea and all corners of the High Country. His notoriety was established by his attitude that if his mare was thirsty, she should be able to get a beer at the bar like everybody else. "She's a quiet old girl, she'll behave."



Your name means nothing. Everyone in Bombala gets called Chas

But the Bombalans are adamant about one thing when it comes to dealing with Borneo: "Never mention the whip. Don't even say the word."

Wingnut should know. One evening of typically sensible drinking at the Robbie Burns in Wyndham at the finish of the annual stockman's ride, Wingnut made the mistake of using the word "whip" in Borneo's presence.

The actual details of what followed are disputed by a growing throng of Bombalans who all have their own versions of Borneo's legend.

But whatever actually happened in the lead-up, Wingnut found himself outside the Robbie Burns with a smoke in his mouth while Borneo attempted to focus down the spine of his 12 foot stockwhip to a point coinciding with the position of the cigarette.

History reveals that Borneo successfully plucked the smoke from the mouth of the stockman with the whip. Where the details are again debated is the exact number of attempts Borneo made and how many times Wingnut got

whipped before the smoke disappeared.

Wingnut says Borneo made 17 attempts and hit him everywhere except the roof of his mouth and the soles of his feet. But Bill "From Over The Hill" says that Wingnut always forgets to count the whip shots that Borneo had to employ when Wingnut tried to run away.

Borneo, for his part, got so excited by his whip cracking trick that he rode his old mare into the Robbie Burns for good measure.

Being obviously urban, it's sometimes tempting to think that the country folk are taking the piss when it comes to tall tales and woolly yarns.

One city bloke makes the mistake of telling Bill "From Over The Hill" that drunken whip cracking displays and horses in bars sounds like a bunch of malarky.

This turns out to be one of the big mistakes of the evening. Telling Bombalans that their high jinks sound like a load of crap can bring out some odd behaviour. Before anyone can step in to stop the exchange, Bill has staggered to the door and told the city bloke that he'll be back in 15 minutes.

The Bloke From The Smoke, it transpires, has just bet Bill twenty bucks that he won't ride his horse into the bar.

There's smiles all round and a stockman looks at the city bloke and says with a grin, "He will y'know Chas." The Boundary Riders are back onstage

and the big, pissed footy player finally collapses in front of the stage in a gaggle of eligible fillies. He's picked up and his mates try to get him out of the bar, but Hoff yells over the PA system, "Adam, mate. Ya can't go yet, I haven't played Bombala."

Adam, the footy star, is returned to his people and Hoff announces that for the first time in his ten years on the Monaro circuit he will sing his cult classic, "Bombala", in the town of the same name. The song is a musical tribute to the town Hoff describes as "a victimless crime."

If Hoff is a minor hero in Bombala, then it's not because of his song that includes lines like, "I went up to Bombala, it was a sunny day, when I got up to Bombala it rained on me all day. Bombala, Bombala, rednecks live up there. Bombala, Bombala, it leads me to despair. Bombala, Bombala, they still resent long hair."

But the punters don't give a damn. All they can hear are the words "Bombala, Bombala" pumping out of the

speakers and they sing along with the same drunken blindness of the lush who thinks someone just called his name.

The song ends to rapture and drinks for Hoff and Paul Raymond Newell are put on the stage.

Hoff doesn't have to bludge all his drinks, but he's well known around the paddock for being one of these blokes who can walk into a bar broke, and crawl out blind, motherless, fucked-up drunk. In fact, there's a saying in these parts that if you haven't heard the words "hey Chas, can ya stand me for a drink?" then you ain't been drinking in the same pub as Hoff.

But Hoff's also the bloke who stood outside the Robbie Burns pub one night and gave away ten slabs of beer he'd won in a raffle.

It's a cosy scene, but suddenly there's a commotion at the door. There's a crowd gathering and laughing because Bill "From Over The Hill" is back in town. He's still drunk and he still needs a haircut. But this time he's on a horse and he wants to come in. "Where's that bloody city fella?"

Before things can get out of hand, the barmaid gets to the door and tells Bill to go home. "You'll kill yourself you silly bugger."

Bill is so drunk he can barely speak, but he seems at home on the horse that starts to rear and carry on. Bill isn't concerned with the horse, he wants his 20 bucks from the city fella and slips off his mount to track down the money.

One of the girls at the door gives her beer to a mate, leaps on the animal and takes off down Maybe Street at full noise on the horse while the punters do very High Country things like whoop, whistle and wave their hats.

"Full of spunk she is," says one of the older wags with a smile and the crowd file back into The Globe.

Never mind that the horse was purloined out of a road side paddock, or that galloping around on horses while you're drunk is a good way to die. The moon is full and this is Saturday night on the Monaro.

With a finishing flourish of "Maybelline", "Real Wild Child" and a happy 44th birthday song, "Stand By Your Man", for Gail, the evening comes to an end at midnight.

The barman calls "last drinks", Adam is carried out to the back of the ute, Bill "From Over The Hill" is asleep on the bar, Paul Raymond Newell is fending-off an amorous Boundary Riders fan, Borneo is saying goodnight to 30 people at once and Wingnut is still smiling and looking for another drink.

At a time when Australia's new wave of country music stars are all tucked in for the night, Hoff is at the bar trying to cadge a beer against his fee for the next gig. ☐



There's The Rub

Photography by Frank Palmer



Kerry had been having a nightmare of a day. So by the time she arrived at the therapy centre for her weekly massage, she was just about ready to collapse.

When she was told her regular therapist was unavailable, she saw her day going from bad to worse. But her disappointment soon subsided when she was introduced to Taylor who had just started work at the centre.



She disrobed as usual and lay on the massage table with a sheet covering her. Taylor entered the room, stripped the sheet off her and began rubbing oil into her firm, supple flesh. With his strong, deft fingers, Taylor was stimulating and probing Kerry's muscles to perfection and she found herself becoming more and more aroused.





Eventually she was able to stand it no longer and she whipped around on the table and pulled the masseur to her in a long deep embrace. As if he had been planning it all along, Taylor continued to run his hands over her flesh, now touching the places he had so carefully and teasingly avoided. This excited Kerry even more and the pair made love as many times as the one-hour massage session permitted.







In January of this year we offered \$1000 to the best piece of short fiction of 3000 words or less.

The magazine was inundated with stories of every imaginable plot, subject, setting and cast of characters.

The entries demonstrated that there is a lot of undiscovered writing talent in this country.

After sorting through the more than 200 entries to this inaugural award we selected as our winner, Ray Pope from Brisbane and his story *Riding High*.

Ray got the nod because his story was funny, well-paced and full of great dialogue. It was also very Australian.

Ray gets the \$1000 plus the standard rates we pay for a story, which makes his total cheque over \$2000.

Congratulations to Ray Pope and thanks to all the other entrants for their stories.

RIDING HIGH

Some nights just never go as planned

It was a dark and stormy night and Areawhy was not in good form. He'd had a row with his girlfriend, been sacked and was now drunk as a Pope with Ken, trying to hail a taxi. They were going to the coast to see Areawhy's girl, Lex. The group she was in were playing at a friend's party tonight. Harry Burton needed one more fare for the night. Areawhy raised his arm to signal the taxi and dropped his cigarette.

Harry pulled the Falcon to the kerb. "Get out of the gutter boy, and let the water flow," thought Harry out loud. Areawhy and Ken got in at the lights. Both men were whiskey-soaked and saturated with Brisbane's acid rain. Ken sprawled across the back seat while Areawhy sat in the front trying to fasten his seatbelt.

FICTION BY RAY POPE

ILLUSTRATION BY SIMON BOSCH



Riding high

"Greetings and happy hallucinations Mr Cabbie," said Areawhy.

"Where to?" inquired Harry mentally, remembering facial features and recalling where the alarm button was. He hoped this was going to be worth it.

"Backs against the wall and we're driving blind to the ritzy, glitzy Gold Coast please."

"I have a farm in Africa," chirped Ken from the back in a voice almost nothing like Meryl Streep's.

"Well, we're well out of Africa mate," replied Harry. "Do you blokes have any money left for this? It's a hundred bucks."

"Money — the more money involved the less spontaneity, the less fun, the less things left to chance," recited Areawhy. "Yes, we have the fare. Loads o' money," resounded the two piss artists in a strangled scream of a voice.

Ken held up two 50 dollar bills. Harry turned off the vacant light and pulled into the traffic. Ken replaced the notes as Harry picked up the mike. "Base this is car 165, A9 to Gold Coast."

"Car 165 roger," cracked the speaker.

"Car 165 Roger Rog," said Harry replacing the mike. "Who's Roger?" Ken wanted to know. But instead gibbered on with, "There was a fairy called Nuff

who got eaten by a jellyfish. Fairy Nuff."

"Please, do excuse my friend. He has to say these things, he's drunk," said Areawhy still trying to click in his seat belt.

"Words to be accepted not comprehended," piped in the slumped lump on the back burner.

"Let's make some time," stated Areawhy staring straight ahead as they joined the south-east freeway. Harry slipped Hunters & Collectors "The Jaws of Life" into the cassette player. "I've got forty two wheels of pleasure and pain," Areawhy said, clicking his seatbelt in.

"Doing anything tomorrow for the Australia day public holiday?" asked Areawhy of Harry.

"Nope," was the slow reply.

"Feels funny for a Monday. We're still week-ending. Weird how they've done this holiday. I was to be down in South Australia next week on a seismic crew. The crow eaters have their holiday next Monday. I thought we were one country," pondered Areawhy.

"Do you know the name of the swagman in Waltzing Matilda?" asked Harry dryly.

"Nope," was Areawhy's even slower reply.

"Andy."

"Andy?"

"Yeah. Andy sang, Andy danced, Andy waited for his billy to boil," chuck-

led Harry, staring down the highway.

"Too many billy bongs methinks," said Areawhy sheepishly.

"Do you mind if I ask you a personal question cabbie? I know asking is just polite demanding and you don't have to tell me but I shall keep asking until you do," asked Areawhy.

"Depends on the question," was Harry's reply.

"What's your name?"

"Harry."

"Harry — how are you Harry? As in the song. How's that go? She was going to be an actress. I was going to learn to fly. She took off for the footlights I took off for the sky."

"Who sang that?" inquired Harry.

"Jonathan Livingstoned seahorse," blurted Ken.

"No, that was seagull. Hey, where do you find a turtle with no legs? Where you left him," said Areawhy. Harry raised a dry smile. Before anything could be added Ken offered his joke. "What's the difference between a duck?"

"One of its legs is both the same," replied Areawhy having heard it a hundred times.

"I'm stubbied," stated Ken as a statement of the bloody obvious. Ken then changed into something more comfortable — unconsciousness.

"A sense of humour is a funny thing to have, eh Harry? Ken's a man on the



Ant life photography



move and just twisted enough to be totally confident. My name is Areawhy. My mother was Irish. She was a shamrock with deep roots."

"He's a crazy anarchist and if he was going to the electric chair he'd make sure Miss Universe was going to pull the switch, being a sonic art terrorist and he's on a trip without a map. A prophet of hallucinogen. You know he first became practised in the art of shotguns when he went butterfly hunting with Elvis." Areawhy was in full gibber.

"I feel the need for speed," said Areaway with no reference to the increasing speed of the car. "He's been an emotionless adventurer ever since."

Areawhy thought he may as well explain why they were going to the coast on this Monday night. "We're going to a party at Mermaid to see 'Jean the

He'd had too many upwardly mobile, silly pratts pay not in cash but in tears and laughter. Bellies full of laughter and buckets full of tears.

Harry nodded in agreement.
 "Like some dumb everlasting kiss,"
 played Hunters and Collectors.

"Life is finding out what you are comfortable with and sticking with it," mused Areaway. "For example, sex, drugs, rock 'n' roll."

"Yeah, Lex, Drugs and Rock 'n'roll," said Areawhy.

"At work we were loading our buggies today for the road trip south. Having a beer with the boss afterwards and he

told us this story of how he lived with a Thai girl. I said: 'was it house trained?' This was answered with strange eyebrow movements, so to add clarity to my question I asked: 'did it knock over any furniture? Try to bite you? Shit in the house?' I thought he said Tiger. I got sacked.

"Well this calls for a drink," beamed Areaway checking on Ken. "Almost at

"I love the ocean, the ocean is the ultimate solution. It's really just a desert with a brilliant disguise."

"Umm, Ken... Ken, which bottle-o do we want? Ken always knows where there's a bottle shop open," said Areawhy rather matter of factly to Harry.

"Fucken oath," supplied Ken, coming to as "Jaws of Life" finished. "Go to the Broadie."

Harry, like all Brissos in his youth knew the Broadbeach Tavern. It had changed a lot since his schoolies. The boozearama where he and his mates had many a glass of perspective. Harry swung the cab into the bottle shop.

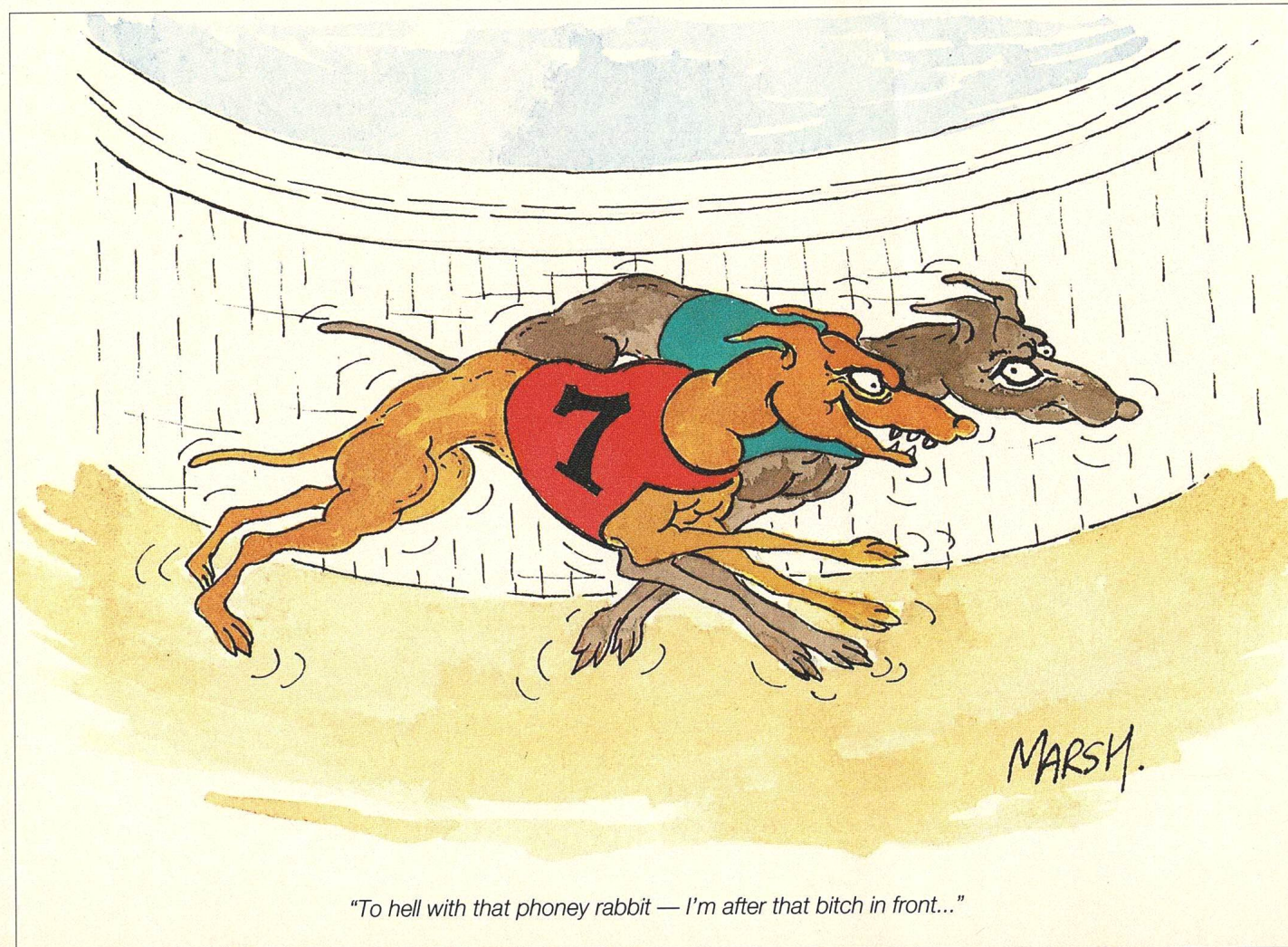
"A bottle of bundy and two bottles of coke please," said Areawhy, remembering how he used to buy rum here for consumption in the beer garden. "I'm a leggy mambo with a catholic education," thought Areawhy.

"Thanks Digger," said Areawhy to the attendant accepting the grog and change.

"Elvis has left the building," giggled Ken as they drove off.

Ken gave directions to the address on Hedges Avenue. "Rum," said Areawhy

Continued on page 96



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Sound & fury

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DON SPARKS



Taylor Mark is an actress with a lot on her mind. After studying literature and drama at a prestigious university, she endured endless auditions which she says were simply infuriating.



"Aside from putting up with producers who were trying to paw me, the roles which they offered me were just so boring. I was either just the female sidekick or a psycho-bitch from hell. I believe women can be deep and sensual at the same time and I like to project that in my acting. When I was young, I saw the infamous kitchen table love scene in *The Postman Always Rings Twice* and ever since then the cinema and sexuality have always been very closely linked for me.





"The idea of doing love scenes really grabs me, especially with a leading man who I've admired for a long time. Put me in front of the cameras with someone like Mickey Rourke and I can guarantee a scene you won't forget for a long, long time."

Taylor spends her time taking in classic movies where the heroine radiated sexuality, power and verve. "If I can be the modern Mae West, I'll be more than satisfied," she muses. "So why don't ya come up and see me sometime?"





Riding high

Continued from page 86

"makes you ten feet tall and bullet proof. Ken loves the flaming stuff."

"Do you see me man?" yelled Ken out the window, doing his Mad Max impersonation. "End of the line — middle of nowhere. Here we are boys."

"Thanks Harry, that was an excellent trip. Ken, pay the man." Ken gave Harry the two notes and a three-paper joint. "Harry keep the change. Have a good flight back."

"Thanks, have a fat one," said Harry. "Yeah, mind the gap," said Ken. "See you next Tuesday," finished Harry.

This confused the two but, hey, nothing else had made sense.

The pair waltzed like swagmen down the side of the house towards the beach. They could hear "Altogether Morris's How Now Surf Cow." It was such a bad version it had to be the original on CD.

Lex was in tears. Not because of the band's performance in the set but because Areawhy wasn't there slamming at the front, yelling "Mocking Bird" to her "Tequilas". Silly argument and now he would be gone for six weeks. Maybe he'll break his leg and come home early.

Then she noticed the taxi parked out the front.

Ken slumped onto a young beach bunny. "It's not until you wander into the wilderness you realise just how irrelevant you are," said Ken.

"Yes, and the most dangerous animal in the wild is man," replied the head with two things.

"Ken Oath," said Ken then passed out dreaming of joints rolled on the plump thighs of Cuban women.

Areawhy went round the back. The band was packing up. Lots of couples on the beach making lumps. "Hey Burleigh, where's Lex?"

Burleigh was the bass player. He was on loan from Fuck the Circus. He was now in PEP mode. This usually happened after he played. He always got cut on rum and ginger beer. Both from his birthplace — Bundaberg.

Burleigh would pull down his cricket hat, pull up his shorts and stomp on imaginary cockroaches. This was Pest Eradication Patrol. If a real cockroach appeared Burleigh would only jump up. He was scared of cockies. The cockies that he thought he was stomping were really little Felix the cat's but he told people that it was cockroaches he was stomping because he didn't want people to think him strange.

He had explained his fear of the cockie to Areawhy one night while prop-

ping up the bar at the Revolting Experience. "You smoke some good shit and you think you're Jesus Christ. You smoke bad shit and you think you're a cockroach. Then you smoke some great shit and think Jesus Christ is a cockroach. Well, I'm the reincarnation of Charles Manson."

"But Burleigh, Charles Manson isn't dead," explained Areawhy.

"The fucker," said Burleigh.

Areawhy left him at the bar trying to squash a dead cockroach.

"Lex is upstairs. Yeah, she's upstairs with Melissa or Vanessa or one of those girls whose name ends in an 'A'," said Burleigh fiddling with a tiny electric chair on the chain round his neck. "She's very upset Areawhy. Don't you think it would be a good idea to not go up just yet?"

"I just came down from Brisbane to the Coast in a bloody taxi to see her," said Areawhy.

"Are we at the coast? I guess that would explain the beach," pondered Burleigh.

"Yeah, mate. Why's she upset?" asked Areawhy.

"You, you dildo, gypsy, wanker," retorted Burleigh.

"Hey you're a Brisbane cab." This startled Harry as he was stashing his 100. He, being a Brisbane cab, couldn't collect a local fare. "Yep."

"Are you going there now?"

"Yep."

"Look I need to get to Brisbane. I'll give you \$50 bucks. You can't take a fare anyway."

"Okay," agreed Harry. He needed one more fare for the night.

Burleigh took Areawhy's rum, cracked it and poured two dark n' stormys.

"Have this before you go up to see Lex," offered Bureigh.

"Righto, thanks mate."

Harry took the Smith Street entrance and turned back onto the Pacific Highway.

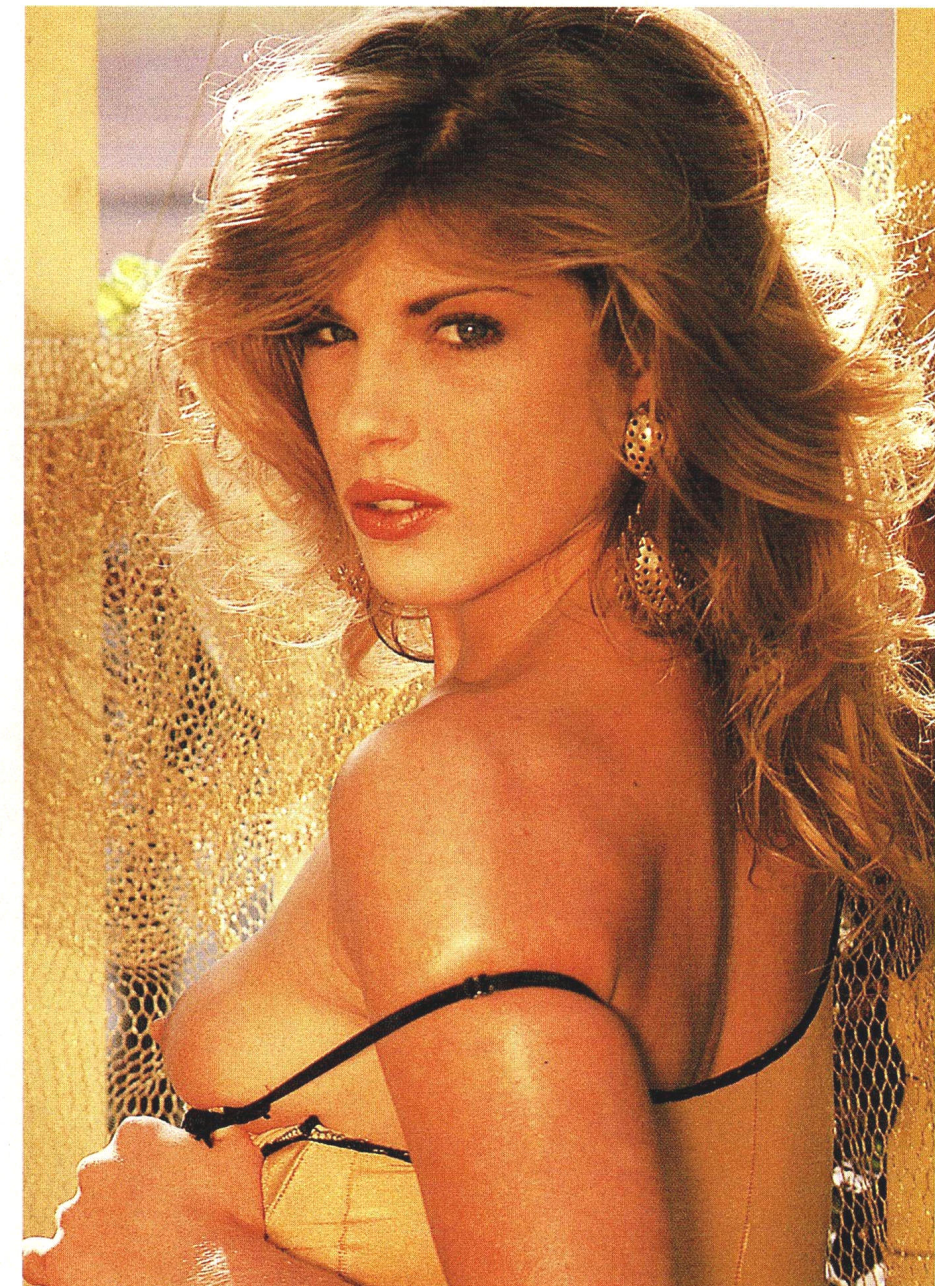
Lex offered her story. "My boyfriend and I had a terrible silly fight and he's leaving tomorrow morning for six weeks. I must see him before he goes. I must see Areawhy," she said softly.

Harry's brain swirled. "Where's he going?" he asked. "South Australia to do seismic surveys," Harry pulled out the joint that Ken had given him, lit it and offered it to Lex. She thanked him and inhaled. She was feeling relaxed and relieved that she would be able to make up to her boyfriend before he left. Harry slipped a cassette of Harry Chapin into the player.

"She was going to be an actress, I was going to learn to fly. She took off for the footlights, I took off for the sky" — Fifty bucks is fifty bucks — "and I get so high when I'm stoned". ☉



PHOTOGRAPHY BY HANK LONDONER



sandra and sea

Sandra Azure works the normal office week as the secretary to the chairman of a large chemicals company but when the weekend comes around, she gets to do the job that she enjoys most. On Saturdays and Sundays, Sandra can be found acting as a lifeguard at the packed beaches of summer.



"Ever since I was a little girl, I've always loved being near the water. I remember seeing a lifesaver for the first time when I was about five and I said to myself, 'that's what I want to do.'"

When she's not on patrol, Sandra likes to take out her board and do a bit of surfing but she says that her best way to spend an evening is with a special man, some jazz music and a nice bottle of wine.



"At the end of a hard day in the corporate world or scouring the beaches for anyone in trouble, there's nothing I like better than cuddling up with that special someone and getting up to some mischief of my own."

As far as the ideal man goes for Sandra, she's after a man who is intelligent without being condescending, in good shape without being obese and above all affectionate. She says that finding this fellow is proving difficult but the search is on.







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Clark

Continued from page 52

called to say he had a special young athlete. "You have to see this lad for yourself," Hawes had said. There was Hawes, and Clark's old man, Edward, both with their chests puffed out, and with stopwatches in hand. "He can do anything, this boy," they had warned, "world records ... Olympic gold medals ... absolutely anything."

They weren't far wrong, either. Others have won Olympic gold medals and broken world records. Darren Clark hasn't yet done either.

However, Australian athletics has scarcely produced a better competitor in international terms.

The observer went back to his newspaper and wrote that here was a star in the making. The sceptics said they'd heard it all before. But at Los Angeles in 1984 as a raw 18-year-old, Clark almost pulled off the impossible. He made the final of the 400 metre, no mean feat in itself, and attacked all the way. Clark led into the straight, and weakened into fourth place in just the last few bounds. For the first time in history, six runners in the same race cracked the 45 second barrier. The winner, US Air Force Lt Alonzo Babers, ran the fastest 400 metre

in a decade, and missed the world sea-level record by one-hundredth of a second. Second place getter, Gabriel Tiacoh, of the Ivory Coast, contracted viral meningitis soon afterwards and died. If that provided the tragedy, another African, Borabota, of tiny, impoverished Equatorial Guinea, provided the comedy. In first round heats, he had cut from the outside lane to the inside, apparently unaware that 400 metre runners were supposed to stay in the same lane from start to finish. Borabota was asked why. His answer? "Lane one good ... lane eight bad."

Clark had proven himself at the highest level. And shown himself to be a bit of a lad, too. His team-mate Fred Martin couldn't work out why the laundry at the Olympic village kept coming back very hot, but still dirty. This was his first trip, and Martin was taking washing tips from Clark. Clark had convinced him that the drying machine was actually the washing machine, and young Fred kept putting his dirty washing in the dryer. It was a source of quite a few laughs until someone put Fred right.

All those years back, Clark was just a second off the world record. Think of the things you can do in just a second. Blink. Not much else. That was the time difference separating Clark from fame and fortune.

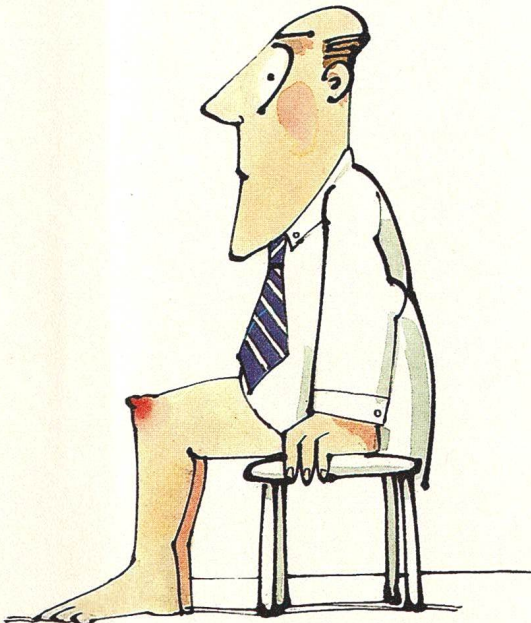
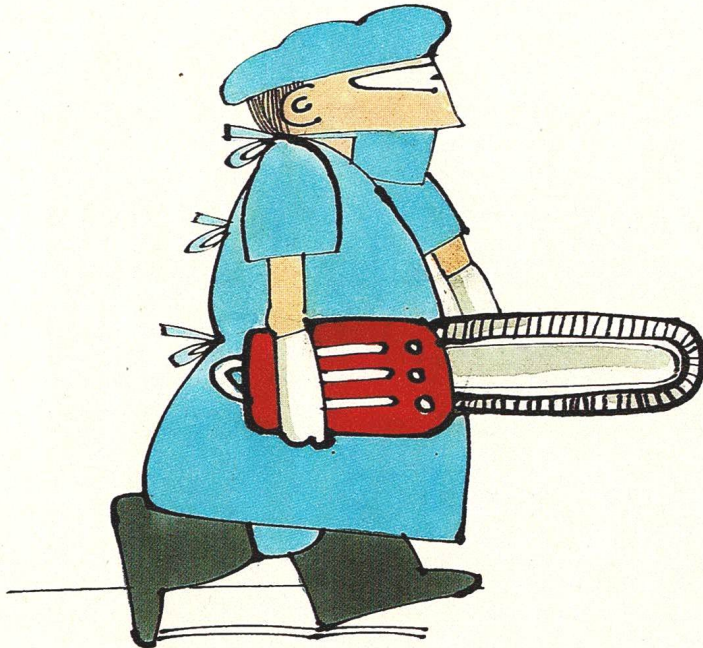
A couple of years later he missed the

gold medal at the Commonwealth Games when he was an overwhelming favourite, then he went to Seoul for the Olympics again. His semi-final produced a personal best.

Right afterwards, the observer met up with Clark among the thousands streaming out of the Olympic Stadium. Clark was staying out of the village and accepted a ride back to his hotel. En route, he said: "I hope I don't run fourth again. It's so frustrating, near, yet so far." It's history, of course, that he did run fourth again.

There was some consolation at Auckland for the Commonwealth Games in 1990. Clark won the gold he should have had in Edinburgh four years earlier, and buried forever the view that he may be a big-race "choker". Fellow athletes knew otherwise. In the stands just before the race, decathlon champion Daley Thompson sought out a press-box "bookie" and bet \$2000 on Clark at a shade of odds-on. There was never much cause for concern for anyone except the bookie.

The Commonwealth Games gold medal was enough for a while. Now it is no longer. Clark has never shied from saying things that might upset people. Now he is huffing and puffing and has his hands on his hips at the end of a 300 metre training run, spluttering a truism that will upset some big names in



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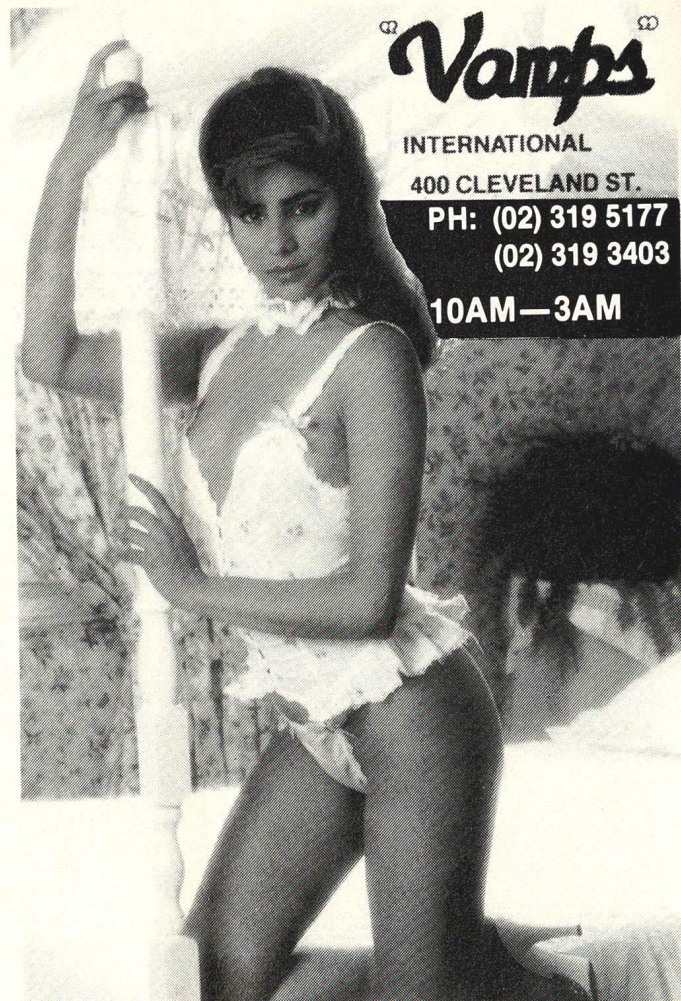
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Clark

Australian sport. He says: "I don't regard a Commonwealth gold as anything special. Ordinary athletes can win those." He is sticking verbal barbs into the image of people like Jane Flemming, who have parlayed success at Commonwealth Games into piles of corporate cash.

With a son nearly four and two younger daughters to support, Clark is perhaps a little jealous that he has to go in search of big business support despite a record clearly superior to that of others who don't have to scratch about quite so much.

When he went to Rugby League, the sugar industry dumped him as a spokesperson. He does car ads, and models leather jackets. He is taking speech lessons that help in after-dinner engagements and presentations. Money helps, but getting back to the top in track and field is what really counts.

Such is the fickle nature of the Australian sporting public, that unless he does, then Clark will be wrongly remembered as a brilliant, but wasted talent.

He is dripping perspiration at the end of the two-hour workout. Rotary Field, peaceful and quiet when Clark arrived, is now given over to hundreds of schoolgirls who have arrived by the bus-load for a school track and field carnival — board

shorts, T-shirt, thongs, and baseball cap, Clark hardly rates a second glance from the teenage girls as he leaves.

What he wants is the recognition he deserves. And Clark is well on track again. Barcelona came around too quickly after an achilles tendon operation put him out of action for a while.

Clark bounced back to make the Australian team for the world indoor championships in Toronto.

Old rivals like world record holder Butch Reynolds, had heard about Clark's dabble with Rugby. In Toronto, just before the final, Reynolds sauntered up to Clark and told him: "Hey, welcome back, man. You won't try to tackle me will you when I run past you." Clark ran a creditable third on an indoor surface that doesn't suit him.

The best part about his third placing, Clark says, was standing on a victory dais again. "I soaked it all in," he says. "Alright, so I only ran third and they weren't playing Advance Australia Fair. But it was the incentive I needed. More than anything, I want to be standing on that dais after the 400 metre final in Atlanta. I'm realistic about it. I know I have a long way to go. But I'm older and wiser. That will help."

Being older is certainly no drawback. Clark will be 31 in Atlanta. Linford Christie won the 100 metre gold in Barcelona at 32. American Steve Lewis

is 32 ... another flyer, Ian Morris is 31.

Maurie Plant, a long-time Clark supporter and one of the most knowledgeable men in Australian athletics, says it's no idle dream. "Darren has yet to run to his potential. In some ways, the break has been good for him. It has freshened him up mentally. And training with Balmain has shown him what the body is capable of achieving under a dedicated training regimen.

"This is not the same Darren Clark, believe me. He isn't the naive little boy any more. This is a cold, hard, realistic, purposeful athlete."

Clark has advisers, but no full-time coach. That doesn't concern Plant. "Look at it this way," says Plant, "Darren has run under 45 seconds a dozen times.

Who knows more about running 400 metre in this country than Darren Clark? He knows what's good for him. I say he can win gold in Atlanta. He can break the world record. But it's all up to him. The ball is in Darren Clark's court."

At home, Lara Clark, just a few weeks old, is perched on her old man's knee. Ryan and Kayla are in the kitchen with mum.

Darren Clark whispers in his daughter's ear: "Can Daddy win a medal in Atlanta?" Lara's eyes spring open, then she dribbles on dad's shoulder. "I'll take that as a 'yes'," Clark says. O+

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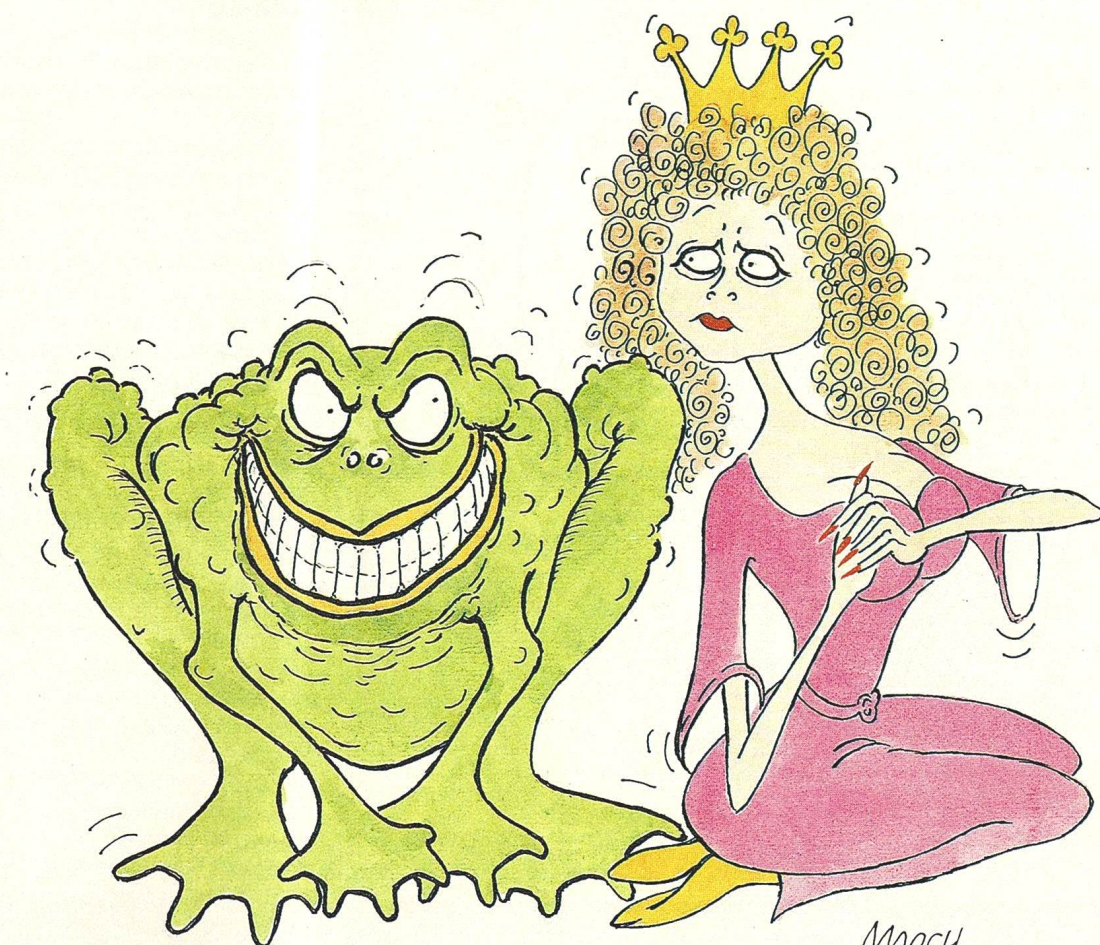
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"The thing is, Princess — it all depends where you kiss me..."

MARSH

Harassment

Continued from page 38

Men, apparently, are not sexually harassed and are only the enemy.

Although the Western Australian and HREOC Commissioners made themselves unavailable to make comment to this magazine, most of the Equal Opportunity Commissioners and their staffs went out of their ways to be helpful to *Penthouse* with the belief that sexual harassment laws were supposed to help everybody regardless of gender.

The attitude of two of these commissions lead us to believe that there existed some anti-male attitudes in the area of sexual harassment laws.

On this subject it is important to remember that it was not so long ago that the former HREOC Commissioner, Ms Quentin Bryce, was taken to task by The Administrative Appeals Tribunal for failing to explain why she had not investigated Ipswich Councillor Paul Tully's 1989 complaint about a nightclub that charged men more than women. Mr Tully had been told that Ms Bryce considered his claim frivolous.

Quentin Bryce had been the subject of a sexism complaint in 1991 from the Federal Health Department's adviser on therapeutic goods, Dr Alex Proudfoot.

According to Perth's *Sunday Times* newspaper, Ms Bryce had written: "another example of a male wasting our time with trivia", on Dr Proudfoot's claim that Australian health services were biased against men.

Mike Ward is not alone in his appraisal of the Sex Discrimination Act and amendments as being anti-male.

American clinical psychologist Dr Judith Sherven visited Australia in April of this year. Sherven is part of a new wave of feminists in the United States who eschew the victim-based feminism of the last 20 years. "I teach feminists to like men again."

She says the Australian sexual harassment laws are similar to those found in the United States ten years ago, but warns that Australian sexual harassment laws are likely to follow the United States example where the harassment laws have been extended to seven-year-old primary school boys in many states.

Dr Sherven says there should always be protection for people who feel harassed in their workplace, but the underlying assumptions of sexual harassment laws are negative.

"If women want an equal stake in society then they have to learn to take responsibility for their part in sexual harassment.

"When a man comes on to a woman in the workplace, he is just acting out his

societal programming, and for that he gets called 'vile perpetrator'. When the woman acts out her programming of passive acceptance of something like butt pinching, then she is a victim; it's like 'oh, poor darling'. But there is no sympathy for the male who is just acting on his training."

Victorian Commissioner for Equal Opportunity, Moira Rayner, says there are real victims of sexual harassment regardless of what the underlying causes of the harassment may be.

While she is responsible for processing around 900 complaints a year, she believes sexual harassment complaints will drop once businesses learn about the subject and educate their staffs.

That could be wishful thinking. Rayner has been in the five-year job for three years and has seen a steady rise in the number of complaints about sexual harassment.

In the year 1991/92, there were 803 complaints, 131 of which were formalised. There were already 973 complaints by April for the year 1992/93, 97 of which became formal. The same trend has been observed around the country.

The 1992 parliamentary enquiry into equal opportunity for women chaired by Michael Lavarch found that "complaints of sexual harassment are on the rise in Australia; with an increase of more than 100 percent in the number of such cases dealt with by the Commission in 1990-91."

At a national level, complaints of sexual harassment outnumber any other type of complaint under anti-discrimination laws.

A 1992 HREOC telephone survey of 411 women aged 16-25 revealed that 24 percent had been sexually harassed.

These figures alone suggest sexual harassment is a growth industry, whether through increased awareness of people's rights or through an actual upsurge in acts of sexual harassment.

But something that is not spoken about is this: while the general sexual harassment figure is rising, it is the figure for male complainants that is rising most noticeably.

In Victoria the male complaints for sexual harassment rose 166 percent between July 1991 and 1993. At a national level, HREOC advises that male complaints for sexual harassment only number a total of 12 for the entire duration of the Commission's nine year history. However, five of those 12 male complaints occurred last year and there were five male complaints of sexual harassment with two months still to run of the 1992/93 year.

In Western Australia there were eight complaints of sexual harassment in the workplace made by men between 1985 and 1993. Only one of those male complaints was aimed at a woman; the rest were sexual harassment complaints

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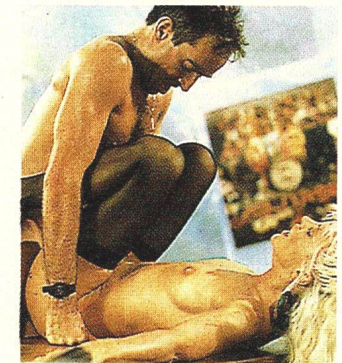
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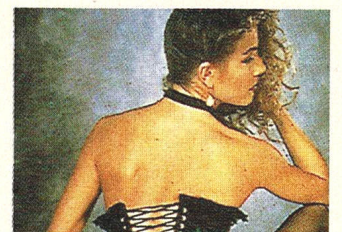
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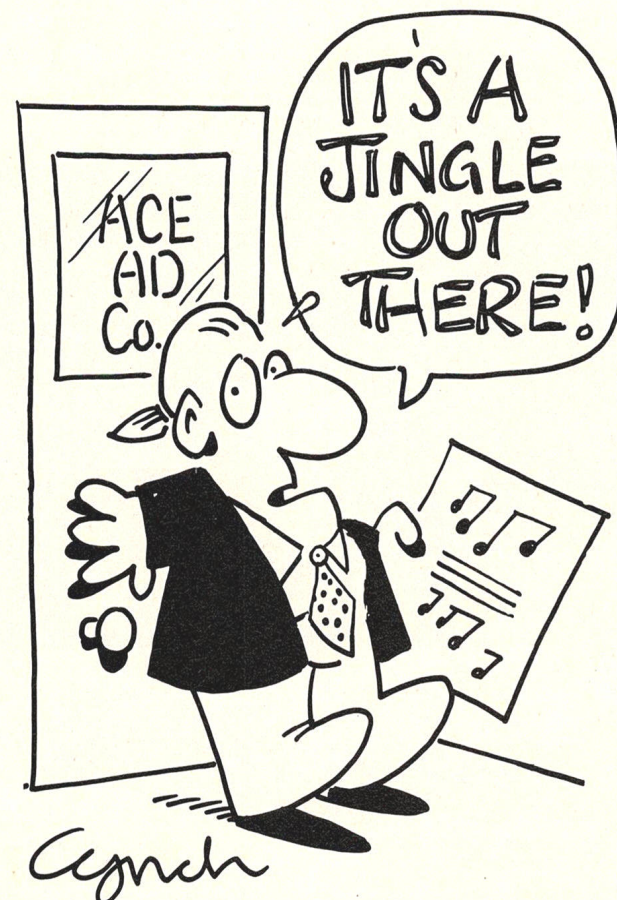
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Harassment

about men, homosexual and otherwise. In the same period there were 257 women making the same complaint.

In South Australia, the numbers of males complaining of sexual harassment in the workplace have doubled since 1989 while in the same period the figure for women increased by only 50 percent.

From the publicity campaigns and literature on sexual harassment, one could be excused for thinking it doesn't happen to men. But it does, and it's on the rise.

From our discussions with various sex discrimination commissioners and men who have told us their own stories, there appeared to be no typical scenarios for harassment of men, although there are two broad categories of female on male and male on male.

The examples are non-specific because the State and Commonwealth laws on sexual harassment guarantee confidentiality to the complainants.

According to Victorian EO Commissioner Moira Rayner, typically a woman boss or co-worker will get the "wrong idea" about the friendly attentions of a male employee. When the woman is asked to back-off or is avoided by the man, the jilted female harasser can get nasty.

Rayner says these cases have lead to women phoning the male employee at all hours of the night and on-going vindictiveness at the workplace.

There was also the case of the woman boss who followed her male

employee and gate-crashed a private party he was at so she could make a public scene with him. When he complained about her behaviour, the woman fired him.

The man's mistake was having social drinks with the woman on a couple of occasions but refusing to become romantically involved. The man's complaint was successful. He was compensated for several thousand dollars.

But the male complaint of sexual harassment that has caught the media's attention has been the case of John Edwards and Albert Gestal — library officers at a Sydney town council.

Their complaint about a female boss is now before the Human Rights and Equal Opportunity Commission.

The complaint includes claims that co-workers had been ordered to spy on them; claims of losing seniority for no reason and being replaced by less-qualified, younger women; posters that degraded and humiliated males and requests to have them removed ignored and, along with other male employees, they were regularly referred to as "goon" and "boofhead" by the female bosses.

These claims have been denied.

The case of Edwards and Gestal made daily metro newspapers and television news programs. The complaint has been mediated within the council structure, it has been to the NSW Anti Discrimination Board and is now under the Federal jurisdiction of the Human Rights and Equal Opportunity Commission in Sydney.

Another man who spoke to *Penthouse* about sexual harassment said

he was approached by a woman boss to have drinks and dinner. He politely refused the advances of the older woman who then took to outright requests for sex. The woman's interest waned until the good looking man started having an affair with a younger woman in the same building. "It was terrible, I started getting calls from her at night telling me what she wanted to do to me in bed and asking questions about my girlfriend. She found out who my doctor was and would go to see him and try to get information about me from him. It was so embarrassing."

The man's sexual harassment complaint is currently being investigated by an Equal Opportunity Commission.

Penthouse spoke to another man with a sexual harassment complaint being looked at by an Equal Opportunity Commission.

He was forced to view sexist and offensive anti-male posters at his workplace and was victimised and consistently insulted by his woman boss on the basis of his gender. When he made his first complaint of sexual harassment to a government body, he received death threats.

Men have made successful complaints where the sexual harasser woman just liked the man too much. One such case saw a complaint upheld because the woman co-worker persisted in asking the man to dinner and for outings. She was looking for a husband. He was not in the market for a wife.

Josephine Tiddy says while all sexual harassment involves unwelcome behaviour, the harassment of men and women is usually different.

Tiddy says a man will usually start with verbal and psychological sexual harassment before building up enough courage to ask a woman for sex. Not so women, who are more likely to bluntly ask a male employee for sex straight out and then resort to mind games at a later time.

Women are not the only "bad guys" in this story. Moira Rayner points out that just as many male sexual harassment complaints are aimed at men as at women.

Some men know what it's like to work in a place where a certain gay man can't keep his hands to himself. But the cases that attract complaints usually occur when the harasser is the boss and the situation has disintegrated to "sleep with me or find another job".

Sometimes, men sexually harassing other men is not a case of homosexuality. Rayner says some man/man harassment cases turn out to be the case of a male supervisor using sexual taunts about penis size and lack of bedroom performance in order to dominate the complainant.

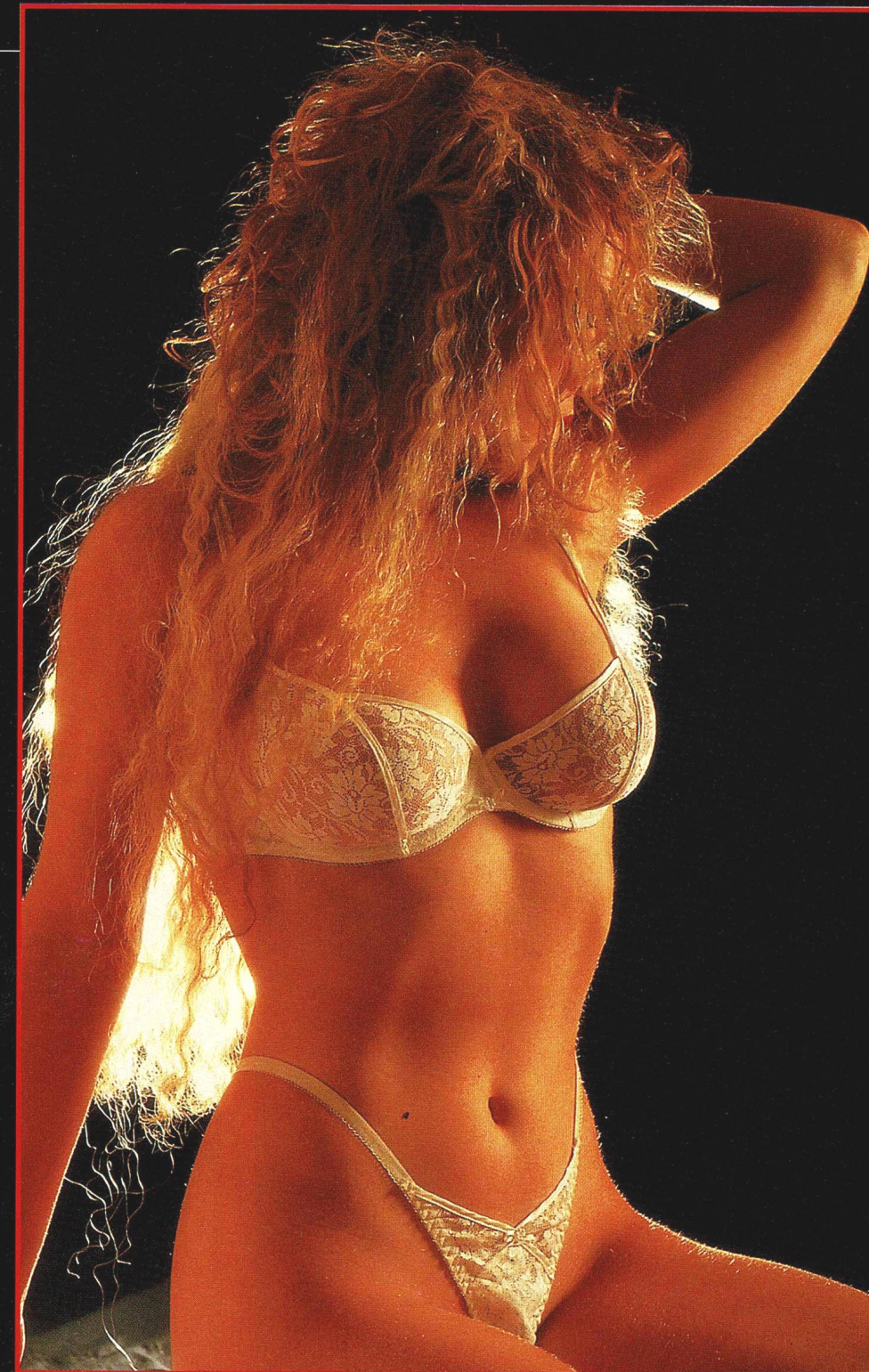
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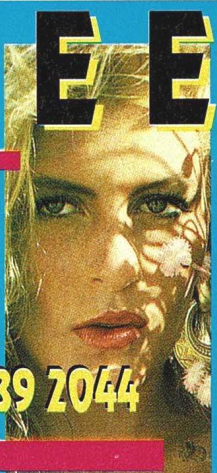
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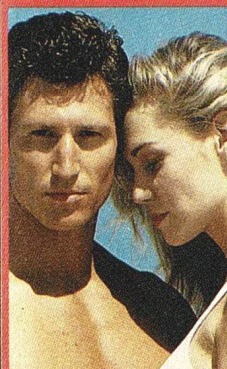
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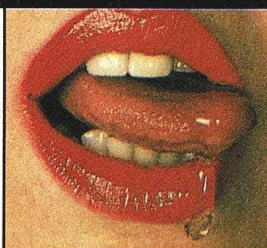
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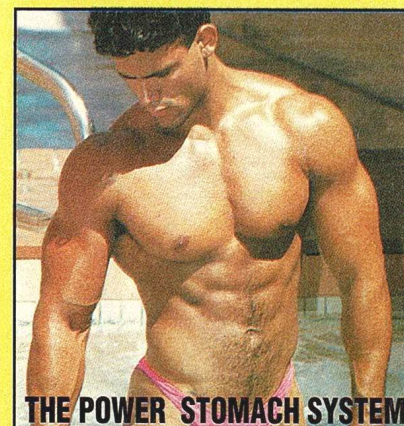
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Harassment

rior spanking a younger man's bottom in public and taunting the complainant about relative penis size. The harasser was not gay, but used sex as a humiliation device.

Homosexual men can also be on the receiving end of sexual harassment. Valid complaints of sexual harassment have come from gay men who are harangued about being AIDS patients, being promiscuous or being "poofers".

Another upheld complaint of sexual harassment came from a man who found himself working in an environment where his male co-workers discussed their sexual "scores" from the weekend.

The complainant was also taunted about his own sex life which he considered to be very private.

While some men feel alienated by the sexual harassment laws, others who try to use the laws to make a complaint find themselves harassed twice.

Robert Ware has been running male workshops for six years. He says there are so few male sexual harassment complaints because the laws are so female based.

"Most men wouldn't have a clue about sexual harassment. It's all been aimed at women. Men are not encouraged to support or understand sexual

harassment laws because they have already been given the blame for it."

Ware says a lot of men won't make complaints because they are laughed at, thereby creating a double harassment.

He tells the story of the man who was called "little dick" by a female co-worker. When the man made his complaint to the female boss, she "laughed her head off".

"Men are supposed to be able to 'handle' everything. When they can't, they are held up for ridicule."

Sydney Men's Network spokesman, Paul Whyte, is another person who sees the sexual harassment laws as a device that will divide the sexes at a time they should be coming together. He says if women really want to stamp out sexual harassment, they have to look at the way boys are brought up.

"The social expectation of boy's culture is to sexually harass; to make girls like you. Nowadays, if she doesn't like you, it's against the law.

"Women say they don't want SNAGs, they want the real blokes. But, increasingly, being the 'real' role is against the law."

As for vexatious or malicious complaints of sexual harassment, it appears to be something that happens very rarely in this country.

Josephine Tiddy, from the SA Equal Opportunity Commission, says the fact-finding and conciliation process is so

protracted and time consuming that only people with real grievances are willing to go through with it.

"In my 12 years doing the job, the number of people making vexatious complaints has been so minuscule that it doesn't even bear mentioning."

Tiddy says that the few insincere complainants can be weeded out before the conciliation process — a tribute to the system.

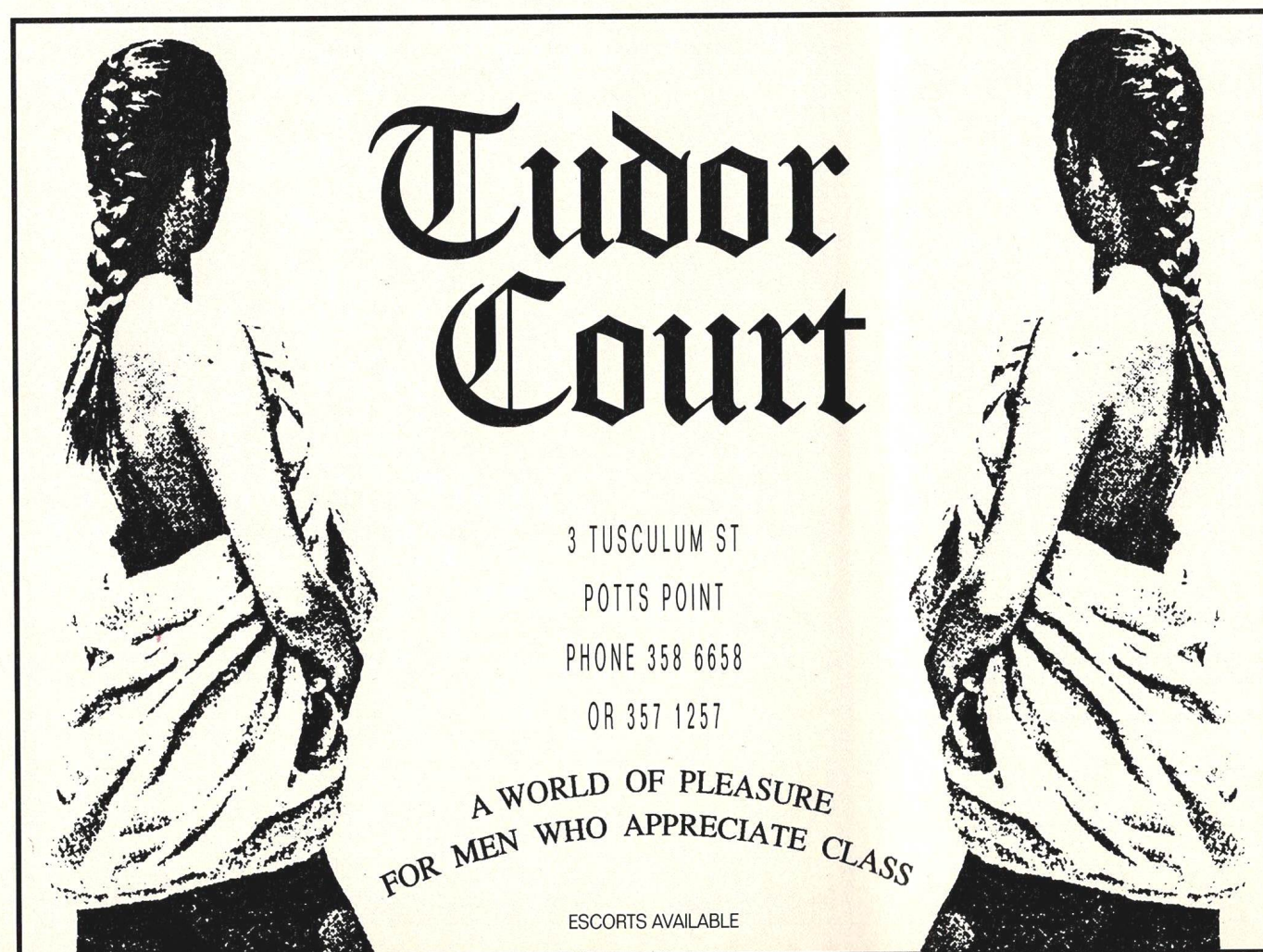
She admits that there are probably many more sexually harassed men than are complaining. The laws themselves are aimed at helping everybody but sexual harassment awareness has been largely aimed at women, she admits.

But, do sexual harassment laws work for men?

Ask John Edwards and Albert Gestal, the Sydney librarians. The case of Edwards and Gestal is a warning to men about the nature of sexual discrimination laws in this country.

Despite the media exposure of this case, the complainants find themselves suspended from their jobs and more than \$15,000 out of pocket for legal expenses.

A typical woman's sexual harassment case is completed in six months; a real stinker may take a year. The male librarians lodged their sexual harassment complaints in April 1992. They are still waiting. ☐



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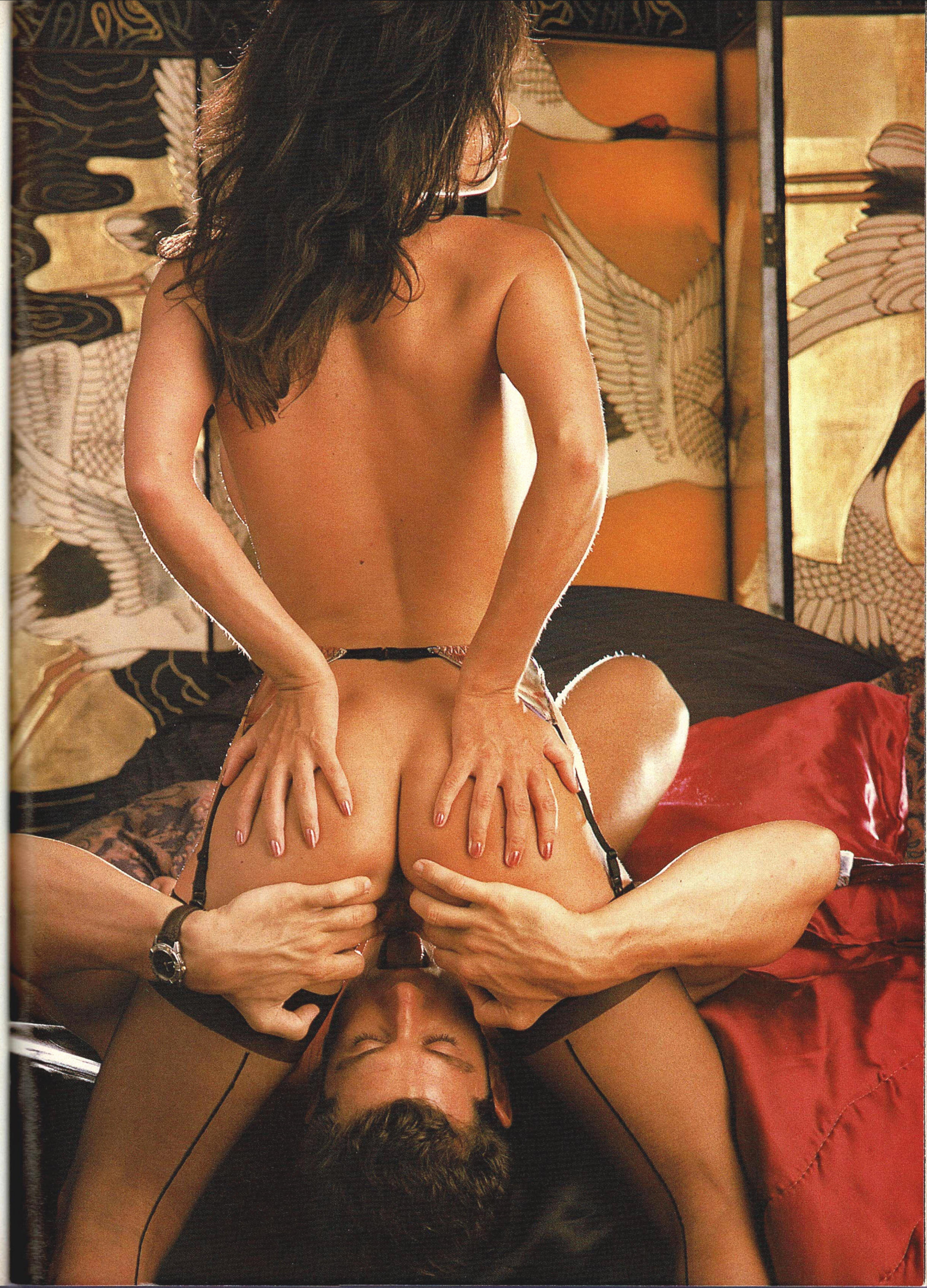
Stephen had been away on military service overseas for many months and every day he fantasised about seeing Nicole again. On the night of his return the pair went to the fanciest restaurant in town but had barely made it through the main course when they decided to head home and fulfil a more pressing need than that of dessert. No sooner were they in the door when Stephen unleashed months of pent-up lust and began to tear the clothes off Nicole's body.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY SUZE RANDALL





He could not keep his hands and mouth off Nicole's body which quivered at the prospect of being fulfilled in a way that only Stephen knew. She matched his enthusiasm and savoured inch after inch of his taut, excited flesh before succumbing to her burning desire to make love with him. All through the night Stephen and Nicole realised the fantasies they'd dreamed up while they were apart and they made up for lost time in the most erotic and passionate way possible. Over and over again the pair made love and they relished the waves of pleasure that washed over their entwined bodies.





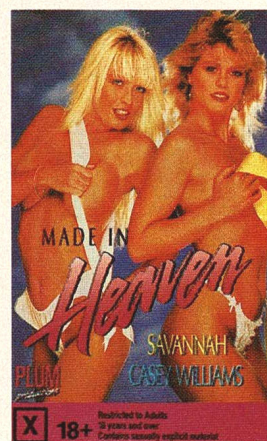
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Leather

Paul Norman Productions From Video Team. Starring Saber, Racquel, Bianca, Tianna, Sharon Kane, Cara Lott, Lois Ayers, Natasha Skyler.

The observant will notice that in the above cast list, there is a distinct lack of male names. If all-girl odysseys are your thing, then *Leather* is the closest you'll ever come to videotape nirvana. This tape is not exceptionally produced nor is it expertly shot but the lesbian sex is the most hard-core and frenzied available on the adult video market. The opening scene in which a huge black dildo disappears into a nubile Saber is nothing compared to the scene in which two hot to trot nymphettes indulge in a pussy fest aided by the pleasure that only a bidet can give. These girls dip their fingers and tongues into every bodily crevice they can think of and the result is a funk of raunch that'll have you squirming in your seat. Saber and Racquel get together in a liaison on a hammock that just has to be seen to be believed and the finale in an S&M club complete with harnesses, whips, strap-on dicks and a variety of dildos is simply the ultimate in no-holds-barred lesbian pussy munching action.

Rating:   

**Made in Heaven**

Plum Productions. Starring Savannah and Casey Williams

Clocking in at a rather disappointing 82 minutes, *Made In Heaven's* saving grace is a hot and steamy lesbian romp featuring the delectable Savannah. Judging by the rest of the cast, the good folk at Plum productions obviously put a great deal of faith in the performance of the blonde-tressed sex machine. It all starts off fairly routinely with Casey Williams finding himself in the afterlife after trying to French kiss a Mack 18-wheeler. Here he gets to indulge in a lack-lustre fuck with an angel (complete with wings and detachable halo) before being inflamed with jealousy at seeing his ex-beloved being bountifully bonked. He gets even by transcending not only the space/time continuum but that of heaven and earth to be reunited for one last grudge fuck before being judged worthy of the kingdom of heaven. The sex ranges from downright weak to mildly erotic and the backdrops and lighting combine to make the entire thing look like it was shot in a whorehouse that was decorated by Liberace. The action is lukewarm but it's just worth sticking with to see Savannah munching the rug.

Rating:  

X

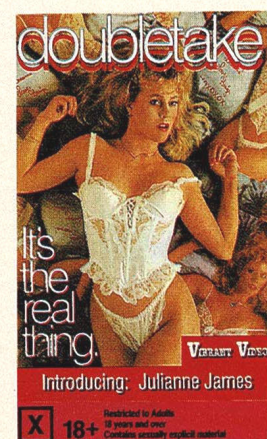
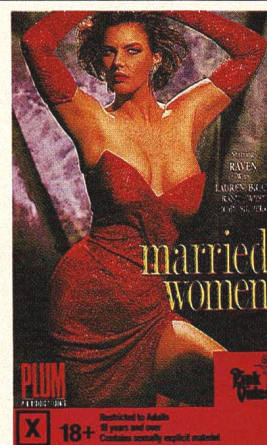
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Married Women

Plum Productions. Starring Raven, Lauren Brice, Randy West and Joey Silvera.

Raven, Lauren Brice, Randy West and Joey Silvera are the only performers in this tale that is supposedly an erotic satire of *Who's afraid of Virginia Woolfe*. But alas what we have here is a Woolfe in sheep's clothing. Raven is dominant to the point of irritating but the action is fuck-filled and she gobbles cock like a demon on heat. Centring around the infidelities of two couples, Raven is instrumental in initiating all of the three and a half sex scenes in this rather monotonous production line tugfest from Anthony Spinelli. First Randy West is boned into submission by his vengeful wife Raven who then moves onto fuck the hapless Joey Silvera's brains out while in the next room Lauren Brice and West busy themselves with a consolation oral sex marathon. The only time that the temperature threatens to rise in this rather unimaginative film is when Raven and Brice get into a little oyster lapping. The camera angles are about as numerous as the cast (count them — four) and the lighting makes it difficult to discern who is doing what to whom (a welcome relief at some stages of this ho-hum production).

Rating: 

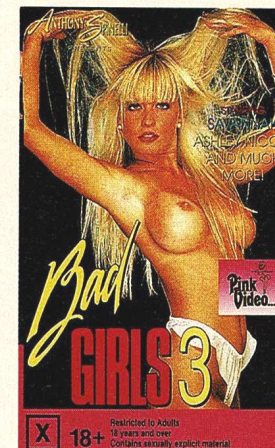
**Doubletake**

Vibrant Video. Starring Julianne James, Torry Welles, Rachel Ryan, Joey Silvera and Randy West.

In her debut movie Julianne James does for erotic videotape what marinara sauce does for pasta. This tale of mistaken identity is filled with hot, horny, going for broke sex scenes with the cast filling every orifice they can reach in an 80-minute fuckfest that'll easily stretch to a couple of hours what with you constantly reaching for the freeze frame on your remote. Torry Welles (who from some angles and with a little imagination bears a striking resemblance to Cindy Crawford) is as usual a walking wet dream and in a scene with Randy West delivers what has to be the greatest deep-throating, tonsil-tickling, cum-swallowing blowjob that has ever been recorded on videotape. The shots are varied and there are enough close-up penetration clips to keep anyone's attention. The action is sustained throughout and never fails to be hot, horny and remarkably rough and ready. Julianne James is a genuine cock-lover and is in seventh heaven with a stiff one embedded deep inside her lithe frame. *Doubletake* is an impressive suck and fuck flick that'll keep delivering the goods.

Rating:   

X

**Bad Girls 3**

Written and Directed by Anthony Spinelli; starring Savannah and Ashley Nicole

Ignoring the usual fare of predictable porn plots, *Bad Girls 3* simply straps several separate fuck sessions together and calls it a movie. It's honest, it's raw and it's boring. The beauty of porn plots is that they increase the titillation. You know girl X is going to be right royally fucked at some stage and you become more aroused as the plot plods its way towards its, hers and your climax. The redeeming feature of *Bad Girls 3* is that it has Ashley Nicole, the girl with the world's neatest quim, getting rogered by a stud. She and her partner fuck like they mean it, and I'm sure the blood will start to pump when you see these two make the beast with two backs. The rest of the vignettes make for above average viewing, despite the lack of threesomes or moresomes. Worth special mention is Savannah who indulges in female flesh — always a very pretty sight. However, on the whole, the lack of storyline enervates the video and turns it a series of snapshots which on the majority are dull.

Rating: 

X

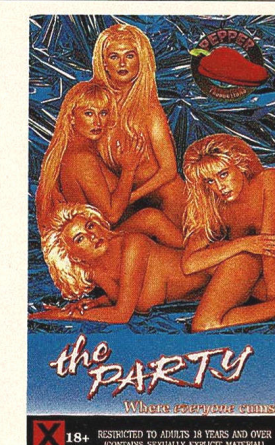
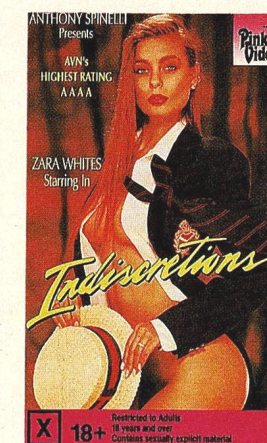
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Indiscretions

Pink Video. Starring Zara Whites, Trixi Tyler, Alice Springs, Joey Silvera and Marc Wallace.

The drawbacks to this otherwise good movie is the inordinate length and restricted nature of the sex scenes. But to the movie's defence comes the beautiful Zara Whites (of *Art of Desire* fame) gobbling down some monster cocks and copping it from a variety of directions. The gossamer plot has Danny Guttman (Joey Silvera), a burnt-out nightclub performer, individually taking Trixi Tyler and Alice Springs — waitresses in the nightclub — aside and confessing his indiscretions. Redemption comes in the form of the waitresses dropping to their knees and having their faces fucked by an enthusiastic, and less than contrite, Danny. At the conclusion of the movie, Zara Whites admits her indiscretion to her boss and boyfriend, Marc Wallace. To atone for her sins she must, yep — you guessed it — give the nightclub boss the headjob of his life. Zara is not only extremely beautiful, but she can gobble cock with the best of them. The final vignette showing Zara swallowing, and then getting reamed by a cock the size of a luncheon meat makes the whole movie worthwhile.

Rating:   

**The Party**

Pepper Productions. Starring Tonisha Mills, Taylor Wane, Carolyn Munroe, Heather Jack, Alex Jordan, Ona Zee, Melonie Moore, Joey Silvera, Jon Dough, Jonathon Morgan and EZ Ryder.

Finally a porn movie with a plot that's believable. It's believable because the action centres around a group of porn stars attending a party thrown at a porn studio by a porn producer. Which, by the looks of it, is exactly what happens in reality. Art mirrors porn. The environment allows couples to wander off and mix their business with their pleasure. Joey Silvera, a regular in Anthony Spinelli movies, is there in his all his nine-inch glory, wielding his weapon with consummate skill. His counterpart, a delicious blonde who plays the bimbo part too well to be acting, goes down on bended knee, and then on all fours to secure his loyalties. Needless to say, she get creamed, literally, in the vicious world of skin flicks. All in all, *The Party* is an impressive movie with some very hot fucking, and enough pace to keep your finger on rewind, not fast forward.

Rating:   

X

X

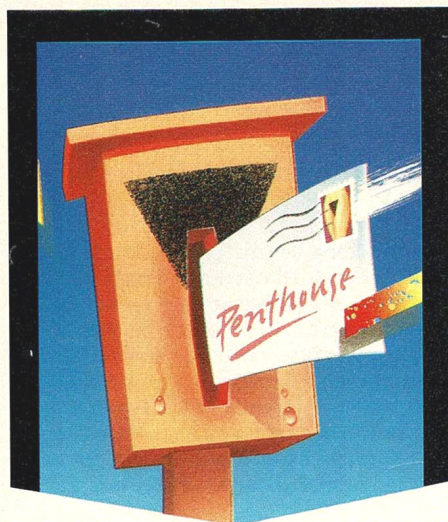
Oral Arguments

Starring Christy Canyon, Savannah, Brit Morgan, Jeanna Fine, Mickey Ray, Scott Irish

To take out seven *Adult Video News* awards including best picture, this tape has to be something special — and it is. Set in a courtroom where Savannah is on trial for starring in pornographic films that the prosecution alleges saps the moral fibre of the community, the film combines some of the best shot hard-core sex with a compelling anti-censorship argument. As usual the blonde goddess that is Savannah is a walking wet dream who scorches the screen by herself in a masturbation scene. Christy Canyon is at her busty best as she seduces a young passer-by with a vigour and passion that has her sucking dick with unprecedented enthusiasm. The courtroom trial proceeds with adequately scripted dialogue in which the prosecution shows film clips of the stars "morally corrupt" but hot and steamy erotic adventures. If this isn't enough the defence lawyer gets a solid shafting between sessions and the star witness is fucked senseless by a bewildered but diligent technical assistant who seems to have wandered accidentally into the line of vision of the camera. As far as courtroom dramas go, *Oral Arguments* isn't quite *LA Law* but it'll guarantee a sudden tightening of the trousers around the crotch.

Rating:   





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Continued from page 8

these ads and writing my fantasy letters. My attention centred on one particular ad. Although he was probably the biggest man in the ads, it was the ad itself that turned me on. "Can't get enough at home? I seek pretty married women who just wants to get fucked and used." The ad demanded a picture, an overnight date and the right to do anything he wanted, which is the part that turned me on the most.

I must have written him a dozen letters, each one wilder than the one before. Then one night I wrote a short letter, telling him the truth, how I had come across the magazine, how I had indulged in fantasy over his ad and how I

would like to have him fuck me for just one night. I gave my telephone number, but not my address. I picked out a picture of me naked except for the suspender belt and stockings. Before I could lose my nerve, I went out and mailed the letter.

For the next few weeks I was terrified each time the phone rang while my husband was home. If I could have brought that letter back I would have done so. Almost a month passed when the call came through and I was alone. Once he established that I was the one who had sent the letter, he told me he had my pictures in front of him and that he had a hard-on for me.

I was more than just a little nervous at first. I didn't know if I could go through with it. Thinking of his picture and listening to his words was turning me on something fierce. At first, I agreed to meet him "socially" but he told me if we met he was going to fuck me. We agreed for him to come by the next afternoon.

He arrived just after lunch. I greeted him at the door as he had demanded, wearing only a suspender belt, stockings, high heels and panties. The minute he stepped into the house he told me to take his cock out. I unzipped his pants and reached inside and he had a hard on. It seemed even bigger than the pictures, so thick I couldn't close my hand around it. He let me stroke it for just a minute, then told me to fix coffee.

Brad just sat there having me parade around in front of him. I couldn't take my eyes off that beautiful cock. I really didn't think it would be possible to take it all the

way in me, but I wanted it. He didn't even touch me, but he kept having me tell him what I wanted him to do to me.

At least half an hour later, he had me sitting in a hard-backed chair. Brad stood in front of me and stroked his cock all over my tits, then he put his cock in my mouth. He let me use my lips and tongue on just the head. While I sucked him, he told me that later he was going to come in my mouth. I give my husband a blowjob from time to time, when he more or less insisted, but I enjoyed, no, loved sucking Brad's cock.

After a few minutes, Brad pulled his cock out of my mouth. He had me take my panties off and told me to play with myself, but not to bring myself off. He watched me feel myself up, then had me lick the juices from my fingers.

Brad took me into the bedroom. I lay down on the bed and spread my legs. I was ready for him to fuck me, but instead, he lay down beside me. Brad took his time sucking my tits and feeling me up until he had his hand all the way in my pussy. He kept twisting his hand around, stretching me open. Then he went down on me. He nibbled and licked and sucked until I thought I would go out of my mind.

When Brad finally moved up between my legs, I was begging, "Fuck me, fuck me!" I was so wet and so open he slipped all the way into me. I had never dreamed anything could feel so exciting.

I put my legs around Brad and he started fucking me in long, slow strokes. He would pull back until his prick almost slipped out of me, then sink into me to the hilt and my pussy was coming up to meet every thrust. I was begging him to fuck me harder, faster, but he held to that slow, tantalising pace. His hands were never still, but neither were mine.

With each stroke I was drawing closer and closer to my orgasm, until I thought I would never make it. He bent over me and started nibbling on my nipple. I started coming like never before. I was actually screaming in pleasure.

Brad held still in me until my orgasm passed and it was a long one. As soon as he started to fuck me again, I knew I would make it again. If anything, I was even hotter than before. My second and then my third orgasms were even wilder than the first. Then he stopped.

I knew he hadn't come in me. When I asked him about it, he said he was saving the first load for my mouth. Brad eased his cock out of my pussy and moved up to straddle my face. He let me suck him for just a minute, then drew back until his prick was just outside my lips. I was licking the head when he started coming. The first spurt of jism shot into my open mouth, but then he was coming all over my face and in my hair. Brad sat up beside me and had me feel myself up again until he had another

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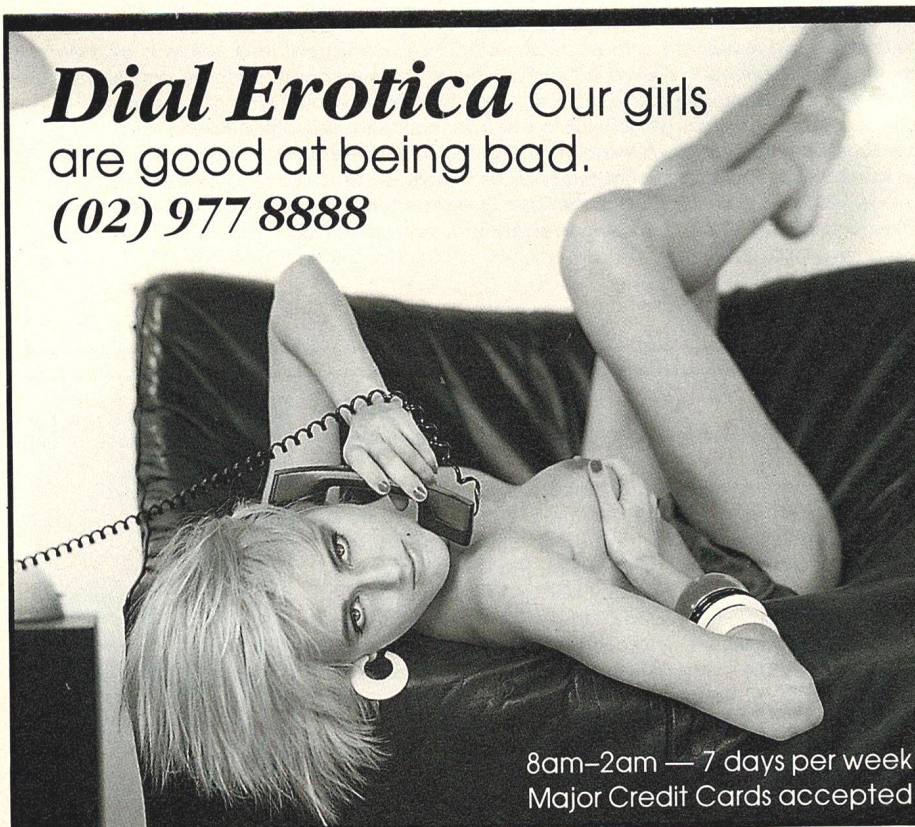


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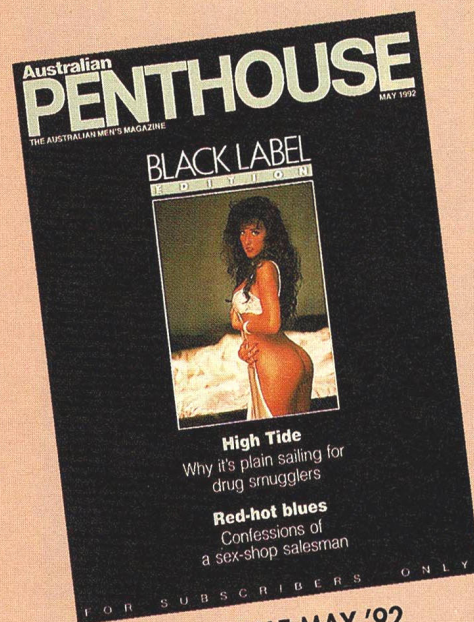
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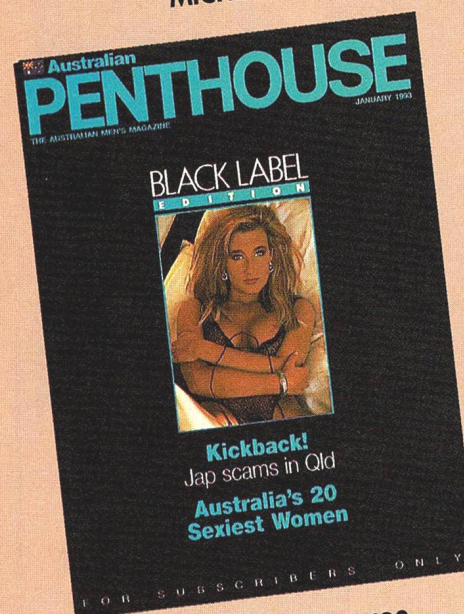
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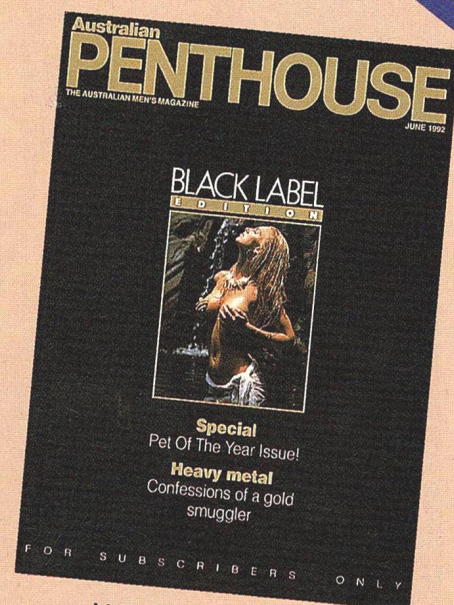
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hard on. He drew me over on top of him. Once I had his cock in my cunt, Brad made me sit up straight. It felt like he was in me even deeper this way.

Brad let me fuck myself on his cock until I made it, then he rolled over on top of me and began to ram it to me as hard and fast as he could. I started coming and couldn't stop.

When he took it out of me, Brad had me suck his cock clean, then drew me out into the living room. It really turned me on to parade naked before this complete stranger. The idea of this being a one-night stand was gone. I wanted this man to fuck me as often as possible.

Brad had me get out the swinger's magazine and go through the ads with him. It started out with us talking about the different men and what I would like them to do to me. Then he picked an ad with a picture of an attractive woman and asked if I would like to eat her. I had never even considered lesbian sex, but much to my surprise, the idea of making out with another woman was turning me on.

Over the next hour or so, I gave Brad a couple of short blowjobs and he went down on me. He fucked me in the shower and laying on the kitchen table, both times stopping before coming in me. He screwed me on the couch and then ate me out on my hands and knees and moved in behind me. Before I realised what Brad had in mind, he drove his cock up my arse. It hurt at first, but after a few strokes, it felt great. It turned me on even more when he had me feel myself up. I could feel his cock inside of me, separated from my fingers only by thin tissue. This time I didn't let Brad stop until he shot his load in me.

I asked Brad to sleep with me. It was late when we went to bed. We lay there with him feeling me up while I jacked him off. Brad wanted to arrange a gang bang for me and to bring along a bisexual woman. He had me so hot I would have agreed to anything, even when he told me he intended to bring his video camera. I was hooked on sex.

Brad fucked me twice more before we went to sleep. When I woke the next morning, I couldn't remember who was in bed with me, but I really didn't care. I eased down and took his limp cock into my mouth. I sucked him until he got a hard-on in my mouth. He woke up and started coming in my mouth. He fucked me again before he left.

For the next nine months, I got Brad to fuck me whenever my husband was away. Eventually Brad moved away. So I started to answer other ads and arrange other fuck me sessions. After a year or so I began to go out and pick up and fuck men, sometimes as many as three

or four in one night from the one bar.

All this happened about eight years ago. Unfortunately, somewhere through the swinging Seventies and ego Eighties I contracted syphilis. I was subsequently cured, but my husband caught it and caught me out. He left me. Things have changed a lot since then, but at least the beginning is a pleasant memory. — *Name and address withheld*

Universal love

Last year, about this time, I stayed in my sanctuary, a timber-pole house in the hills of Northern New South Wales. One week had passed in isolation and my restlessness started to build up. In the afternoon I was lying on my long chair, wearing only my swimmers and reading a magazine when I saw the two very attractive women coming down the path that leads to the house. It looked like they were representatives of one of the many religious sects that flock to the area.

I showed the girls in, saying that I was not used to receiving people at the door. They sat down. I offered a drink, which they refused, and asked them what they had to offer while making myself comfortable on my lazy chair.

They were an unusual looking pair. The older girl was about 25 and dressed in a long shapeless caftan. She had short brown hair and brown eyes in a friendly face. The younger was about 18 or 19 and wore a mini-skirt with a T-shirt. She was probably the best looking of the two with long red hair, nice young breasts and a delicious round buttocks above long legs that looked marvellous with the

mini skirt. Although the girls were very attractive, I decided not to make any remarks or gestures that could, even remotely, be construed as a come-on.

I asked their names. The caftan-clad beauty was Laura and the mini skirt goddess was Georgie. The ladies quickly started to inquire about my religious beliefs and offered salvation via their sect which was called "The Holy Order of Divine Temporal Fulfilment", or at least that's what it sounded like. I endured their yarns and nodded in the appropriate places.

Georgie was quickly at ease in her chair and seemed very eager to convince me. In her enthusiasm she crossed her legs in the chair and put her arms around them. She probably didn't realise that she was wearing a mini-skirt because while talking about the ideological perspective she offered an endearing earthly perspective of a young pussy.

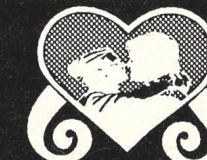
She wore thin nylon panties that revealed the lovely shape of her secret valley with some red curly hairs peeping out from underneath.

I felt a burning feeling coming up in the groin. More enthusiastic gestures from Georgie further accentuated her form and the little panties could hardly contain her soft folds. While this went on Laura was listening and making incidental remarks, clearly unaware of my confused mind and noticeable stiffening inside my swim gear.

I was not sure of Georgie because at that moment she looked intensely at my lower department and produced a vague smile.

She then looked at Laura and shifted

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her legs a bit so that my view was taken away.

Laura stood up. She came towards me with the graceful movements of a cat stalking a bird. I suddenly realised that she had a very supple body under the disguising caftan.

She put some brochures on my lap, obviously without noticing the enormous bulge in my togs. My eyes could not help but to wander to Georgie. She continued to talk about the dangers for my soul, while I was more concerned about the more immediate dangers of having blue balls at the end of the day.

Georgie must have realised that her posture was rather provocative because she put her legs down and her knees were decently locked together.

Laura was standing behind my chair. Suddenly an electric shock went through me. Through her thin caftan I felt firm breasts and hard nipples stroking my shoulder. "Do you want me to explain a few things?" she asked softly. I made an inarticulate sound which she translated as a confirmation. She started to explain the qualities of the Great Master who was depicted on one of the brochures that hardly contained my stiff cock. Almost lovingly she touched his picture and my member underneath it.

Laura had come to sit on the floor next to my chair, looked me in the eyes and said, "You know, our sect believes love to be very important." I groaned. Her caftan was of those loose things that was only held together by a black cord

with some ingenious knot.

While she bent over to pick up another brochure from my lap her caftan opened slightly. I saw an amazing pair of breasts. I realised that something very unusual was about to happen.

I felt that precome was soaking my swimmers when Laura said, "It is not only theory, we actually practice love." She started to rub her hair along my chest and went slowly down to my navel.

I put my hands on her shoulders and started to make slow massaging movements. By now, I knew that there was no danger of being thought of as forward. Laura took away all doubts when she released my penis from its confinement and started to very softly run her fingers up and down the shaft.

She gently scratched the skin with her nails and ran her fingers along the rim. At this stage my erection had become more than impressive, it was huge.

Laura rose and with one swift movement her caftan fell open. There was nothing underneath but a slim and slightly muscular body with beautiful round breasts and a mound with short brown hair. After a moment Laura said: "I'll give you a taste of Temporal Fulfilment." Laura removed a condom from the inside of one of the brochures and deftly rolled it down my twitching shaft. Then she threw a leg over the chair and, ever so slowly, lowered herself on my upright, almost bursting, organ.

When Laura's wet and soft vagina had swallowed almost all of my penis, her vaginal muscles massaged my cock like a strong, soft hand.

Before I closed my eyes I glanced at

Georgie. Her miniskirt was pulled up and I saw her fingers rubbing underneath the thin fabric of her panties. She had fixed her eyes on me and did not smile.

This all was too much for me. Within minutes I felt my orgasm building up. But just as I about to explode, Laura began quivering and making small guttural noises. I lifted Laura off the chair and lay down on top of her with my arms around her and my head between her breasts. She wrapped her legs around my back.

I was burning up with lust; my body was crying for the relief.

Softly Laura said to me, "Stop pumping me." I did as she asked. Laura continued, "Do you like the teachings of Temporal Fulfilment? Come and join our sect. We have a heaven on earth, there will be no sin and no pain any more." She stroked my hair and handed me a contract and a biro. "Sign here, then you'll be one of us and we will give you the peace your body needs so much." I grasped the pen as Laura's cunt grasped my cock. I was prepared to sign away my right arm to feel that mind-blowing sensation again. Suddenly an alarm signal halted me. I looked at Georgie. She sat upright and had a strange glow in her eyes. I felt a warm wave radiating from her and saw her slowly shaking her head. "No," she signalled.

I concentrated again on Laura. "Later," I said to her. Now I took control. I put my hands under Laura's bum and began to gyrate slowly. She started to make soft moaning sounds as I felt those tantalising contractions begin again.

Orgasm came upon us and we went under a wave of pleasure. My pulses of semen and Laura's rhythmic convulsing took us to a real spiritual nirvana that seemed to last forever. We released each other and fell back on the floor, and earth.

Slowly I regained control of myself and glanced at Georgie. She had stopped her masturbation and now had a detached smile on her finely chiselled face. But her eyes sparked when they met mine.

Laura insisted that I sign the document again. When I refused, she stood up, wrapped her caftan tightly around her and became silent. Georgie talked about nature as we drank a glass of fresh tomato juice. Some minutes later, in a haze, I saw them walk down the path and heard their car start and drive away! — A.J., address withheld

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E D I T I O N

forum

On the up and up

I had just about had enough of life some months ago when I lost my job, my girlfriend to my best friend, my car was repossessed and to top it all off, my fucking budgie died. Serious!

It was a depressive and anxious time for me. I was seriously contemplating jumping off the West Gate Bridge in desperation when I managed to score myself a top job as a salesman in a small expanding electronics company. The staff at this place were pretty good, particularly the two young secretaries, Danielle and Tanya, who were both available and I reckon willing to go out with me. One night I returned to the office after a long day on the road and found that Danielle and Tanya were the only ones still there.

We chatted for a while and I walked off and went into the staff room to have a smoke.

Danielle followed me into the staff room. She smiled at me and came across to sit down opposite me. She was wearing a red dress which hugged her every curve.

"Would you like a coffee?" she asked in a sweet voice. "That would be great," I replied.

She walked over to the sink to make me a cuppa. I couldn't help but perv on her arse as she leaned down to get me a cup from under the sink.

I was trying to contain my excitement but the mongrel was on his way up. She turned around sheepishly and said, "I don't know quite how to say this but I find you really attractive and I want to make love with you."

To my surprise she walked over to me, gave me a deep kiss and began to massage my penis with her hand. She began to remove my pants. I couldn't believe what was happening but I wasn't going to argue. She wrapped her big lips around my helmet and began to chew and suck in a very methodical way.

I felt myself almost exploding so I pulled out and let myself blow on her face. I grabbed her from under the armpits and escorted her up to her feet.

I lifted her skirt with one hand and rubbed her pussy, my fingers finding their

way down her panties. I massaged her clit which was moist and juicy by now. I threw her onto the table and slid her underwear off. I felt myself getting stiff again so I stood up and began to direct my cock into her.

Just then, the door flung open. It was Tanya with a grin on her face. Fuck me, I was so embarrassed that my cock dropped off as if it were hit by the flick of a wet towel. My efforts to retrieve my pants led to me tripping over myself. I looked even more stupid as I sat on the floor, my face as red as a tomato.

"Well, well, looky what we have here, and no bastard invited me," Tanya said with a tone of disappointment in her voice.

"It's not what it looks like Tanya," I replied trying to defend our actions of sudden lust.

Danielle had at this stage still not managed to move from the position I had left her in. In fact, she was now looking over at me blowing kisses and licking her lips.

"Now, I want you two to continue what you were doing before I came in, and I'll just sit here and watch until I'm ready to join in, OK?" Tanya said and quietly sat on the two-seater lounge with her arms folded.

Without hesitation, I leapt up and dropped my pants again not thinking twice about her catching us doing it. Danielle was still wet so my cock penetrated with ease and I began to hump away. Tanya hitched her skirt up revealing her black stockings and garter belt. She slid her hand down her silky panties and began to play with herself. She continued to do this for a few seconds then got up and walked towards me, her vision fixed on mine.

I continued to service Danielle who was probably unaware of what was happening, while Tanya dropped her underwear and lifted her skirt to reveal her hot, moist pussy. I started to rub her cunt with my left hand.

"How would you like to eat my pussy?" Tanya asked with a seductive expression. I jumped out of Danielle, who still looked like she could go some more, and lay flat on my back on the floor. Tanya sat on my face, her thighs wrapping around my ears. Her pussy was staring me in the face larger than life, while Danielle began to lick my balls and pull me off.

I couldn't see what Danielle was doing but I knew she was riding me with her body facing the opposite direction. Danielle suddenly slowed down and lay on the floor next to me puffing and panting — she was exhausted! Tanya had now turned herself around and we were in a sixty-nine position.

We sucked and licked each other as though we had not seen food for a week.

Ecstasy...

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Similar to the famous Pearl Bird only bigger, 12" long & wider. It has twin ticklers at the base.		☐ Visa ☐ Mastercard ☐ Bankcard ☐ Cash ☐ Cheque ☐ Money Order			
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GM05 JB 205	\$20.00.	Address:		TOTAL	
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MANY QUESTIONS

There are still many questions about the causes of Multiple Sclerosis. More funds means more research and more answers. A cure could be only dollars away.

MS
Multiple Sclerosis.

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forum

This continued for a few minutes while both of us moaned and groaned with pleasure. Tanya finally got off and she turned to me with her wet box still staring at me in the face and said, "Well, are you going to fuck the arse off me or what?" I had no hesitation of course. When an invitation like that comes along, you don't say no!

I jumped up and put her in the doggy position and with some difficulty, drove into her anal passage while Danielle continued to watch, fingering herself and providing what looked like a great deal of satisfaction to herself. I was pleased for her but not as pleased as the feeling Tanya was obviously receiving from me. My cock felt like it was burning as her arse was really tight. Tanya was absolutely screaming with pleasure and

her cries were making me explode with excitement. I came all over her bum cheeks with tremendous force as I just managed to pull out in time. I had just completed the best ever sex session that I've ever had in my life! — *Name and address withheld*

Two-man job

I knew when my best friend Tammy invited me to go on a double date with her boyfriend and his roommate, I was in for a wild time, but I had no idea how wild it would be. Tammy's boyfriend Rick is a good looking blond guy. From what Tammy had told me, I gathered that he was forever horny and pretty damn creative when it came to sex. I had never met his roommate, Bill, before our date. I was beginning to wonder if it was a good idea for me to go.

When I met him, I was glad I did. He turned out to be an absolute hunk with dark hair, blue eyes, and a great body!

We went out for dinner, a movie, then back to the boy's apartment to watch a little TV. Bill and I sat on the couch while Rick and Tammy sat on the floor. Before long they had their tongues plunged deep inside each other's mouths. I leaned over and gave Bill a long, deep kiss. His tongue was inside my mouth, but I wanted more.

Our friends had already taken most of their clothes off. Bill's cock was bulging

in his jeans, so I pulled down the zipper in order to free him. His penis was of average length, but nice and thick. I wrapped my hands around his pulsing shaft and he moaned softly as I began to move my hand up and down in a slow sensual rhythm. He gently removed my shirt and fondled my breasts.

My nipples got hard, so he started to lick them, first with delicate kisses then building in passion to nips.

By that time Rick and Tammy were furiously doing the horizontal tango on the floor. I could clearly see Rick's thick love-muscle pumping in and out of Tammy's steaming pussy. They were moaning with pleasure and I needed to feel Bill inside me, so I pulled off his pants and lay down to let him ride me.

He got on top, and started teasing my drenched pussy lips with the tip of his engorged cock. After what seemed like an eternity I was simply begging to be fucked and he began fucking me with powerful strokes that made me quiver. I came several times before he shot his load deep inside me. We didn't want to leave yet, but we didn't want to get dressed either.

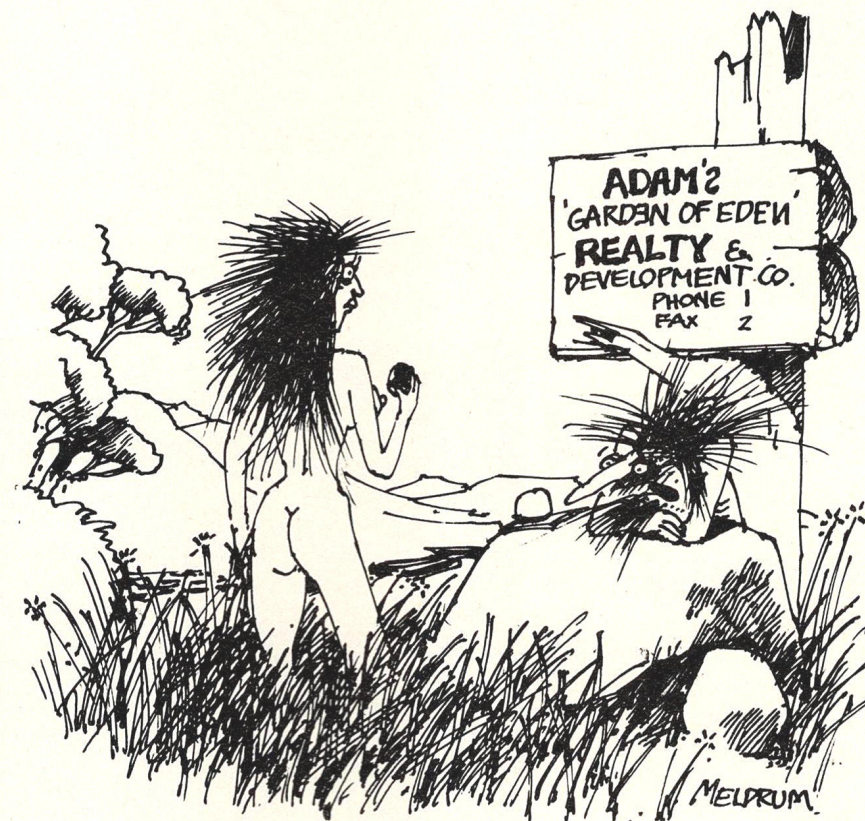
So Bill went to the fridge to get some food, and Rick got up to change the channel. Bill brought out some gelatine squares and we started eating them. It wasn't long before Rick started playfully rubbing the gelatine along the outside of Tammy's pussy.

She made him lick it off, and that gave him a major hard-on. He flicked the outside of her lips with his tongue and gently nibbled on her clit while she moaned in ecstasy. Deeper and deeper he drove his tongue into her pussy until she spasmed in what looked like an unforgettable orgasm. Rick was ready for another round, but that time he suggested we switch partners.

That was all right by me. Rich has an incredible physique and a beautiful thatch of amber-coloured pubes above his strong dick. While Tammy and Bill got to know each other better, we went at it. I got on top and slid up and down on Rick's pole as he moaned in appreciation. Mustering all the skills I had, I perched on his dick and contracted my pussy muscles around him. This seemed to drive him crazy and the more turned on he got, the tighter I squeezed him. I came first, but just as I was finishing, he started coming. The feeling of his come shooting into my pussy was just too much.

My entire body was wracked by love convulsions.

Then he did something that entirely blew me away. He knelt down between my legs and licked his come from my pussy. This was so wonderful that I came almost immediately again. — *Name and address withheld*



*"Hell Eve... I've been busting my gut for years now...
and nobody's even walked in the door yet..."*

Loose ends

NO LOW BLOWS

Mitch Dowd, creator of boxer shorts extraordinaire and guru of the same said loose underpants which, according to the press blurb, create desire and intrigue, has unleashed a new range of boxers onto the market. The strikingly packaged underwear are made from fabrics like comfortable cotton as well as the slinkier rayon and silk items, and feature eye-catching designs like the brushed-cotton blue and the Madras. They range in price from \$19.95 to \$49.95 and can be obtained from David Jones stores.



SNOWS Style

The latest in ski jackets come from Columbia, which has designed an interchange system that effectively gives you three jackets for the price of one. The berry-coloured shortline Bugaboo jacket comprises a waterproof shell jacket which is perfect for rainy days, boating or spring skiing and a fleece jacket which provides the ultimate in warmth on cold winter days. Combine the two and you have a battle jacket valued at \$269 that is perfect for all skiing conditions.

Another eye catching piece of apparel sure to turn heads on the slopes is the popover shell from Sportswear of Sweden (SOS). The bright yellow jacket is designed for heavy duty skiing, is fully waterproof and made of Nino-flex. For added warmth, it is best worn with one of the SOS skivvies pictured. The jacket is valued at \$559 while the skivvy clocks in at \$115.

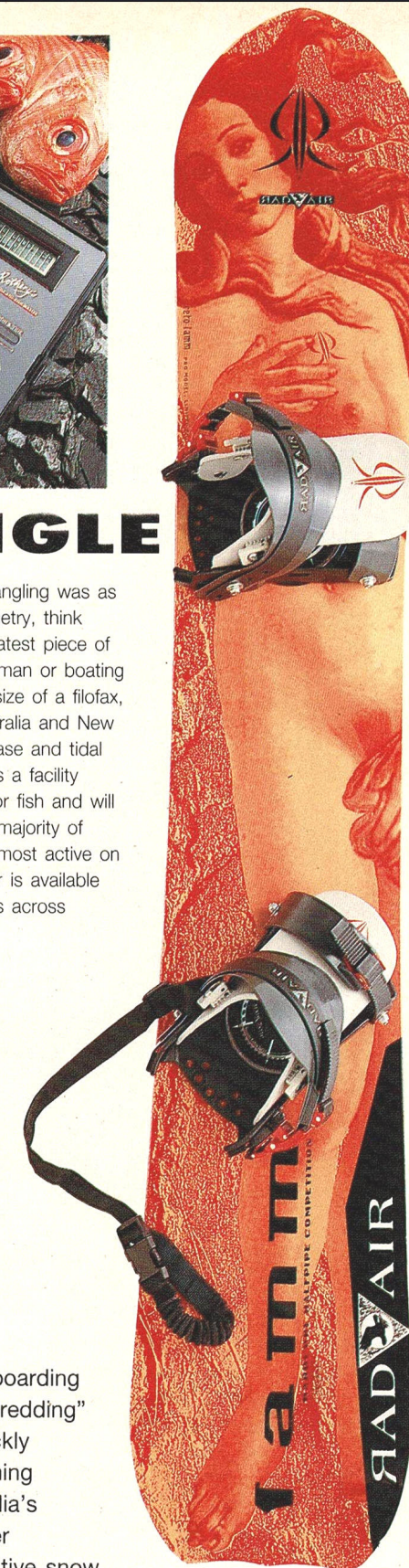
Both the Columbia and the SOS range are available from the Larry Adler Ski Shop (02) 971-8711.



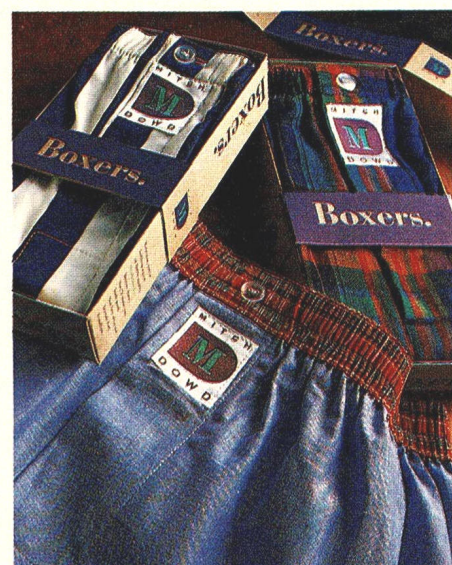
RIGHT ANGLE

If you thought the pristine world of angling was as yet unsullied by modern micro-chip gadgetry, think again. The Tide And Fish Master is the latest piece of high-tech wizardry to arrive for the fisherman or boating enthusiast. This computer, which is the size of a filofax, has an inbuilt map system covering Australia and New Zealand and will also compute moon-phase and tidal information with precision. It also features a facility which figures out the biological rhythm for fish and will tell you which days are the best for the majority of species and at which times they will be most active on any given day. The Tide And Fish Master is available from the Compleat Angler chain of stores across Australia for \$395.

Chairman of the Board



Snowboarding or "Shredding" is quickly becoming Australia's premier alternative snow sport. Shredders divide into two main groups, carvers and freestylers and it is for the latter that the Rad Air snowboards are designed. This limited edition board featuring Botticelli's Venus is a light soft board with a flexible boot and binding and a turned up tip and tail perfect for the jumps, tricks and spins that freestyle shredders excel at. The board is valued at \$1049 and the full range of Rad Air snowboards are available from the Larry Adler Ski Shop (02) 971-8711.



WIN with Yardley

Original aftershave from Yardley carries a fragrance that is fresh, herbal and aromatic with a host of inclusions such as juniper, mandarin, oakmoss, cinnamon and sage. This month, *Australian Penthouse* and Yardley are offering 20 50ml bottles, valued at \$35, to *Penthouse* readers. To win one of these fantastic prizes simply write your name, address, and phone number on the back on an envelope and send it to: Yardley Competition, *Australian Penthouse*, PO Box 42, Cammeray, NSW, 2062. Entries close Tuesday, September 30, 1993. The first 20 entries drawn will be the winners, and their names will be published in a forthcoming edition of *Australian Penthouse*.

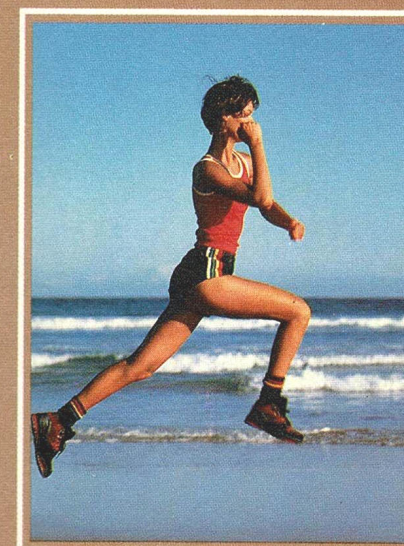
WIN A PAIR OF FREE REVO'S

Every year *Scientific American* magazine rates all the sunglasses available in the United States and for the past four years Revo has been number one. The Revo range features a large number of shapes including full moon, half moon and oval, technology like embedded silicone nose pads, optical spring hinges and lenses that enhance vision remarkably while protecting the eyes from not only ultraviolet and infra-red light but also from short-wave blue light. The quartz coated lenses guarantee clear, precise vision. This month Revo and *Australian Penthouse* are offering five pairs of Revo sunglasses, each valued in excess of \$200, to *Penthouse* readers. To win a pair of Revo's write your name, address and telephone number on the back of an envelope and send it to: Revo Competition, *Australian Penthouse*, PO Box 42, Cammeray, NSW, 2062. Entries close Tuesday, September 30, 1993. The first five entries drawn will be the winners, and their names will be published in a forthcoming edition of *Australian Penthouse*.



Sly As A Fox

Travel Fox shoes are equally at home on the basketball court, the street or the dancefloor at a nightclub. The colourful distinctive streetwise designs are characterised by technically accurate detailed workmanship. Travel Fox shoes are a combination of sporting, hiking and casual dress shoe components and are unmatched in their versatility and finish. Made in Italy and worn throughout the world, Travel Fox shoes are available Australia wide through all good footwear stores.





Pet Of The Month, Barbara Larson

INSIDE OCTOBER AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE

Personal Protection — When does self-defence become a crime in itself? New legislation states that the protection of yourself, your family or your property is no longer a legal reason to own any type of firearm. Next month's *Australian Penthouse* examines what happens when personal protection becomes assault or even murder, and asks the question: how far is too far when it comes to repelling an attack?

Roger Rogerson — As a copper, Roger Caleb Rogerson was brave, brash, even bold; unshakable in court and revered by police and criminals alike. He now bides his time in Long Bay jail until his release in 1995. October *Australian Penthouse* profiles the man that went from a highly commended cop to jail inmate accused of murder, drug running and bribery.

Kickback — With spectacular high-flying head kicks and superstars like "Stan The Man" Longinidis, the growing sport of kickboxing promises to make a lot of money for a lot of people. Yet some promoters see the infant sport's popularity as an opportunity to rip off the Australian public. Next month's *Australian Penthouse* investigates the great martial arts rip off.

Pet Of The Month — Barbara Larson is a 22-year-old stockbroker whose primary interest lies in the world of finance. Next month's *Australian Penthouse* features a breathtaking pictorial of the stunning blonde who plans to some day own and control a huge financial empire but for the meantime takes her conquests one at a time.

MOTORING

Continued from page 21

market. Not dissimilar to the active suspension on the world championship Williams Formula One cars, the Nissan FAS system utilises a patented computer-controlled hydraulic arrangement to sense and then immediately counter forces acting on the car's body, more noticeable when travelling quickly. It manages to create a flat, bounce-free ride, exceptional passenger comfort and greatly improved handling.

An FAS-equipped Q45 can corner at speeds hitherto thought dangerous; the absence of body roll and weight transfer is astonishing. It does take roadholding in the road car to another plane.

That bad news is that Full Active is not coming to Australia, not in the foreseeable future anyway. Looking at a cost of \$13,000, Nissan Australia decided that, as worthy as it is, it could be hard to sell. Down the track, maybe there'll be a change of heart and local motorists will have the chance to benefit from this ground-breaking feature.

Nevertheless, the regular Q45 suspension, a four-wheel independent multi-link design, is exceptionally precise. Its poise under fire is comforting, because the engine performance does demand seriously-efficient brakes, steering, ride and handling.

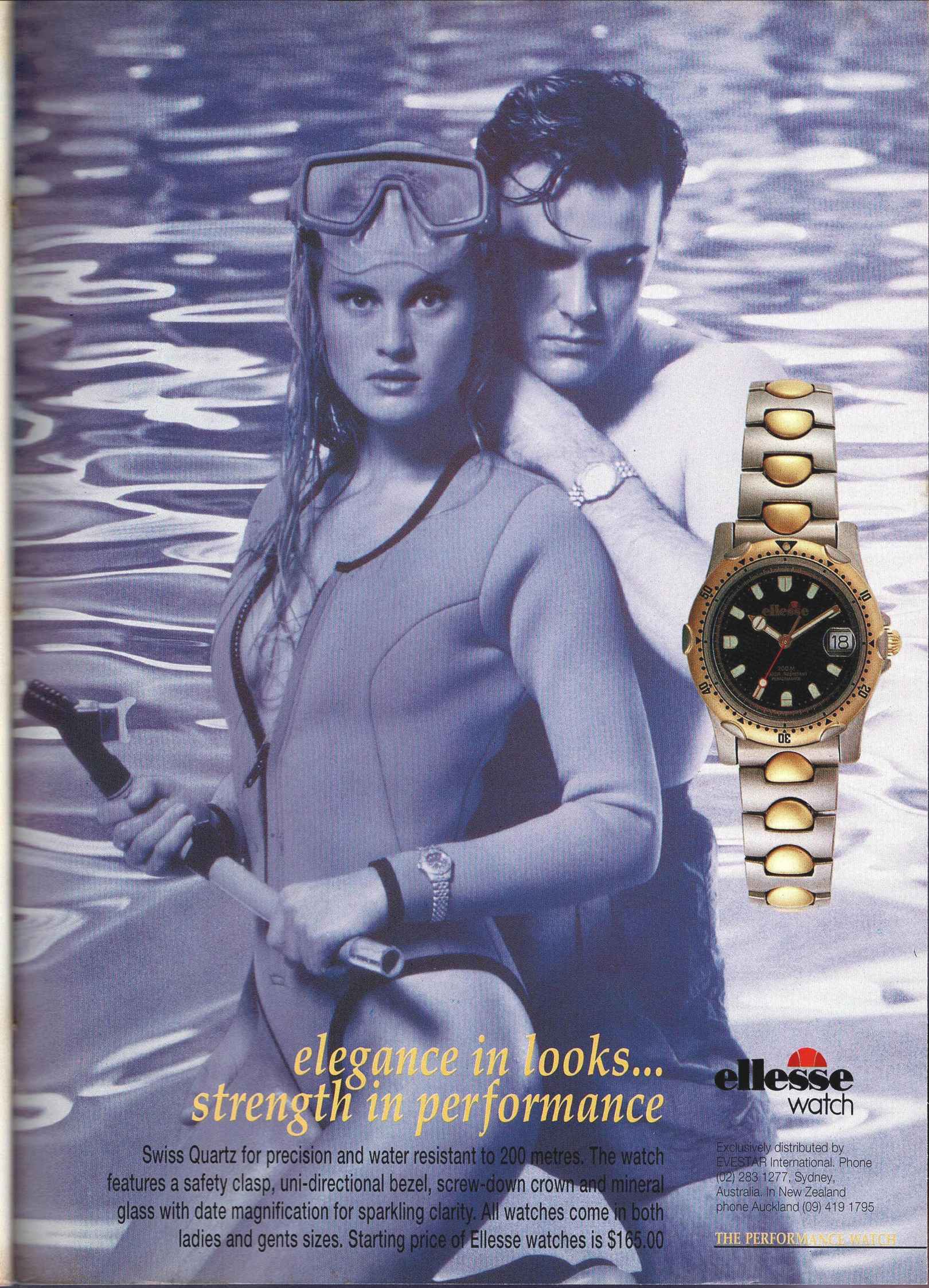
The US models come with all the usual accoutrements, most of which should also be included on the local Infiniti. They include electric multi-adjustable front seats, a steering wheel which moves out of the driver's way on entry and exit, air conditioning with automatic temperature control (it uses ozone-friendly non CRC R134a refrigerant), Bose audio, cruise control, keyless remote security system, air bags, and power just-about-everything.

Unlike the Lexus marque, which is sold through stand-apart dealerships in Australia, Infiniti is not a separate channel. The Q45 and future Infiniti models are being marketed through dedicated Nissan showrooms in each capital city.

The luxury car market is still tougher than a boarding house steak, and it is difficult to predict how the Infiniti will fare against the established players in the over \$100,000 sector.

The forecast is for ten to 15 sales a month, enough to create an upscale reputation for Nissan while maintaining exclusivity for owners who've spent as much as they might on a Lexus LS400.

What is easier to predict is that there won't be a tree, a rock or a stream in commercials and advertisements for the Infiniti's Australian launch. — Peter McKay



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